

From The Athenæum.

The Accession of the Emperor Nicholas I.—[*Vosshestvie na Prestol Imperatora Nikolaya I.*] Drawn up by Imperial command by Baron Korff. Third Edition, the First for the Public. (St. Petersburg.)

"THERE is as yet," says the preface to the first private edition of this work, "no full and satisfactory narrative of the memorable events which distinguished the period that elapsed from the receipt of the news of the decease of the Emperor Alexander to the close of the 14th of December, 1825 (the 26th N.S.). Foreigners who speak of Russia are often in error, even when they wish to be correct, and Russian writers are hampered by the rules of the censorship, which is as indispensable as it is beneficial in our state of society. . . . To place facts in their proper light, and to fill up for the future historian of Russia so important a blank which posterity would never forgive us for leaving, his Imperial Highness the Crown-Prince Alexander Nicolaevich condescended, with the Imperial consent, to enjoin Baron Korff to draw up a circumstantial narrative, as complete as possible, of the above events, based on the most authentic data. This work is now accomplished. It is not a history which is only possible when contemporaries have passed away, but a faithful chronicle such as it is a duty for contemporaries to furnish. A chronicle should show what took place, and how; a history estimates the value of what has been transacted, and pronounces its sentence thereon."

This statement of the nature of the volume is immediately followed by a list of the sources from which its information is derived. The first of these is, "A circumstantial memoir, written by the Emperor Nicholas with his own hand, for the Imperial family"; the second, "Recollections of the Grand-Duke Michael, drawn up under his own immediate superintendence;" and a host of other documents from members of the Imperial family and high officials concerned in the events are also appealed to. It will be a matter of regret to the historian that these original documents were not given to the public in place of the narrative based upon them. Even the

circulation of the narrative, however, was, in the first instance, confined within narrow bounds. The Grand-Duchess Olga, when, at the close of 1848, she heard of its existence in a single manuscript, was the first to suggest that it should be preserved from the risk of destruction by the press, and a small edition of twenty-five copies was struck off, which was kept strictly private. The Emperor Nicholas, though he had carefully revised and corrected the narrative, positively refused to allow it to be made public. "From the course and connexion of the events, and the nature of the personal acts of the young monarch, the simple and naked truth assumed," we are told, "the appearance of flattery, and modesty is the inseparable companion of true greatness." A second edition, also, of twenty-five copies only, was struck off in his lifetime in 1854, but kept as private as the first. The death of the Emperor followed soon after. "Now," we are told in the preface to the third edition, "when Russia and Europe have received the full particulars of the closing day of that illustrious life, the Emperor, now happily reigning, has esteemed it of service for the memory of a father who can never be forgotten, to make public the history of the first day of his career as a sovereign."

It is evident from this statement that the work before us, though not actually a piece of autobiography from the pen of the Emperor Nicholas, is the nearest approach to it that could well be made. It is based upon statements supplied by himself; it has been revised by himself, and it was printed with his sanction. We have seen it hinted, also, that the present Emperor Alexander has a greater share in the composition of the volume than the preface would assign him, and there are, indeed, reasons, if the case be so, why from the frequent mention of his own name, it might be considered suitable to attach to the narrative the name of some one else as the author.

With these extraordinary points of interest about it, the work has already made some noise in Europe, though as yet it has made its appearance in the Russian language only. Paragraphs in the newspapers have

told us that it was creating an unparalleled sensation at St. Petersburg. Translations of it are announced in French and German. One in English is to appear immediately from the same great publishing house which recently gave us the autobiographical records of an English Prime Minister.

The European public is doomed to be disappointed. It will not, indeed, find the disclosures of the Emperor Nicholas so dry as the disclosures of Sir Robert Peel the elder—if disclosures they are to be called,—but there is a strong resemblance between the two. In both cases not only the main outline, but the principal features of the events are already known: the main outline being all that many will care to know, and in both cases the veil is only imperfectly removed from the rest. The Emperor and the Premier make no confessions, unless it be a confession to acknowledge to all the virtues under the sun, with the admission that any apparent error they fell into was owing to an unusual delicacy of conscience or sense of honor. Their statements are *ex parte* statements, in the nature of a brief on their own side.

The most glorious day of the Emperor Nicholas' reign is considered to be that in which he displayed his presence of mind in crushing a mutiny—in defeating on the principal square of his capital his own insurgent soldiers. This volume is a history of that day, and an explanation of how it came to pass that the principal victory of a Russian emperor, whose boast is in the unbounded loyalty of his subject millions, was gained over Russians in the streets of St. Petersburg. The cause that led to it is stated—in this Imperial narrative, perhaps, even more distinctly than it has been elsewhere—to have been a misunderstanding originating solely and exclusively in the Imperial family.

The three sons of the Emperor Paul, to whom in succession the title of Emperor descended, Alexander, Constantine, and Nicholas, were, it appears, all three far from eager to obtain that power which has so often been the object of the ambition of those not born to it. Alexander already at the age of eighteen, and before his accession to the throne wrote a letter to his friend, Prince Kochubey, which is given at the outset of the narrative, in which he announced his intention of renouncing his position as heir to the empire, and going "to settle with his wife on the

banks of the Rhine, to live tranquilly as a private person, fixing his happiness in the society of his friends and the study of nature." The same idea pursued him through life, and in the summer of 1819 he surprised his brother the Grand-Duke Nicholas, by the sudden information that to him would fall the sceptre. "I have talked it over more than once," he said, "with my brother Constantine, but he being of about the same age as myself, like myself without children, and also with a rooted aversion to the throne, is absolutely resolved not to succeed me, the more so as we both see that you have a mark of the Divine favor in its having given you a son. You should know therefore beforehand that you will be called hereafter to the Imperial dignity." The record of this conversation bears evident signs of the reserve and reticence to which we have alluded. It is hardly possible to suppose that the mental and moral inferiority of Constantine, which was remarked upon by all Europe, as placing him upon a level with his father, the Emperor Paul, should not have been alluded to in a conversation between his two brothers on the question of his not succeeding to the throne. It is here implied that the sole reason of his not succeeding lay in his own wish to that effect:—there is ample proof in the subsequent narrative that this, at all events, was not supposed to be the case by those who knew him best.

The Emperor Alexander did not speak of his abdication as a measure immediately to be carried into effect. Ten years, he said, in 1819, might possibly elapse before it, and he was still talking of it when, in 1825, he died. In the interval, in 1822, a correspondence had passed between him and the Grand-Duke Constantine, in which Constantine formally renounced his right to the succession to the throne, and Alexander caused an official document to be drawn up to that effect, of which he deposited copies, together with this correspondence, at the Council of State, and in the public offices, in sealed packets, with this inscription in his own hand and with his signature, "To be kept till demanded by me; and in the case of my decease, to be opened at once before proceeding to any other business whatever." It is a striking instance of the dumb submissiveness of the highest Russian circles, and the dread of any mention of State affairs, that the existence of these

packets, and of this official document, remained an absolute secret in the possession of so few, that the Grand-Duke Nicholas himself whom they formally constituted heir to the Russian throne, knew nothing of them. The Emperor Alexander, when he was about to start on the journey to Taganrog, from which he was destined never to return, had a long conversation with Nicholas, in which he spoke of a variety of subjects, but said nothing of this. The motive for this secretiveness on the part of the Emperor it is difficult to fathom; and it must, perhaps, be regarded as exclusively morbid. It is obvious that in the case of a change of succession, the surest method to forestall doubt and difficulty is to make it as public as possible, and the result of an opposite line of conduct in this case, was that it lead to serious danger. It so happened that when Alexander died, almost suddenly, on the borders of the Black Sea, Constantine, still universally regarded as heir to the throne, was at Warsaw, and Nicholas at St. Petersburg. The news was first sent to Warsaw, where the fourth brother, the Grand-Duke Michael, chanced to be on a visit to Constantine. There might have been a very reasonable doubt how the wild Constantine would act when the opportunity was actually presented to him of ascending the throne. He had heard the news of Alexander's illness, and did not communicate it to Michael; but when the news of the death arrived, his mind was made up, and he sent his brother to St. Petersburg with a letter to Nicholas, in which, "throwing himself at the feet of his Imperial Majesty," he "humbly implored" him to carry into effect the arrangements that had been made with Alexander.

The arrival of the news of Alexander's death at St. Petersburg followed very fast the news of his illness, which assembled the Imperial family at the palace chapel at prayers for his recovery. Orders had been given that if a fresh courier arrived from Taganrog during the service, the Grand-Duke Nicholas should be summoned by a tap on a particular door. The tap was heard, and on leaving the sacristy, in which he was attending the Empress-Mother, he was told that all was over. A description of the scene that followed is given in the narrative from the pen of the celebrated Russian poet Zhukovsky, who was present,—

"On a sudden, when, after the burst of sacred melody from the singers, the chapel was again quiet, and nothing heard but the prayers, pronounced in a low tone by the officiating priest, a light tap was heard on a door. From what it proceeded, I do not know; I only know that I shuddered, and that all who were in the chapel turned their eyes with uneasiness to the door. No one entered, and the prayers went on; but they did not continue long. The northern door was opened, and from the altar came forth the Grand-Duke Nicholas, deathly pale. He made a sign with his hand for silence. All was silent, lost in perplexity; and then at once all comprehended that the Emperor was no more. A deep sigh ran through the chapel. In a minute afterwards all was in agitation—everything was melted into the noise of cries and passionate weeping. Little by little the worshippers dispersed, and I remained alone. In the confusion of my thoughts, I did not know which way to go; and at last mechanically, instead of leaving the chapel by the usual entrance, I went by the northern door towards the altar. What did I see? the door into a side apartment stood open; there the Empress-Mother, Maria Theodorovna, lay almost senseless in the arms of the Grand-Duke; before her, on her knees, was the Grand-Duchess, Alexandra Theodorovna, entreating her to compose herself. 'Mother, dear mother, for God's sake be calm.' At this moment, the priest took from the altar the cross and moved towards the door, bearing it on high. Seeing the cross, the Empress fell before it on the ground, pressing her forehead to the floor almost at the feet of its bearer. The unspeakable greatness of this spectacle struck me forcibly—almost unconsciously I sank on my knees before the sacredness of maternal grief, before the head of an Empress lying in the dust beneath the cross of a suffering Savior. They raised the Empress, almost unconscious, placed her in a chair, and carried her into an inner apartment."

Leaving the Empress-Mother to the consolation of his wife, Nicholas hastened to inform the guard of the palace that the Emperor was dead, and to call upon them to take the oath to his successor, the Grand-Duke Constantine. In the chapel in which the scene described had just taken place, he himself first took the oath, and was followed by all the military and civil dignitaries then at the palace. On returning to his mother, the Empress exclaimed, in consternation, "Nicholas, what have you done—do you not know, then, that there is a document which names you presumptive heir?" This was the

first certain information that he received of its existence. "If there is one," he replied, "I do not know it, nor does any one else; but this we all know, that our master, our legitimate sovereign after the Emperor Alexander, is my brother Constantine; we have done our duty, therefore, come what may."—"Then began," says Baron Korff, "that magnificent episode in our history, no counterpart to which is presented in the annals of any other nation. History, we may well say, with a great author, is nothing but the record of human ambition. To obtain power, justly or unjustly—to preserve or extend power, when once obtained—to recover it when lost—these are the points around which all other historical movements revolve as their centre. Among us alone history departed from its established laws and presented an example of a contest hitherto unheard of—a contest not to obtain power, but to resign it."

There is much in these observations that commands our assent. But it has always been felt, we believe, in reading the public correspondence of the two brothers, Constantine and Nicholas, on this occasion, that the tone was pitched too high—that it did not sound sincere. We have now access to some of their private correspondence at the same period, but it is all in the same strain, and cannot pass as what the French call their "last word." It is now, indeed, sufficiently evident that Nicholas prided himself on being a man of honor and a man of his word; and that he made it a point that no one should be able to say that he clutched at the sceptre, or encroached one inch on his brother's rights or claims without not only his previous consent, but his previous request. But are we to believe that he was sincerely anxious that Constantine, the weak and wild, —that one of the family who in mind and person most resembled the Emperor Paul, whose reign terminated so unhappily, should mount to that summit of power, in which, as the interior family pictures of this volume show us, the Autocrat tolerates "no brother near the throne," to know his intentions, far less to share his authority? We are not left entirely to conjecture on this subject. The correspondence concluded with a profession on Nicholas' part, apparently quite as sincere as any of the rest, that he should still look up to Constantine as the real Emperor, and be guided by his wishes:—it is well estab-

lished that he utterly disregarded them, and that Constantine sank into insignificance.

This punctilious care on the part of Nicholas to avoid the appearance of usurpation unhappily led, in the sequel, to a considerable loss of life,—to the very outbreak on the repression of which his reputation for courage and presence of mind was founded?

The blood that was afterwards shed on the day of his accession appears to have flowed from no other cause than the singular blindness of the three Princes. Alexander, by his morbid concealment of the transfer of the right of succession threw everything and every one into a wrong position. Nicholas, by his over-anxiety to avoid the appearance of an interregnum, and the haste with which he took the oath to Constantine, though he at all events knew enough to be aware that his acceptance was doubtful, led those who followed him into a sort of trap. He was afterwards extremely anxious to persuade himself and others that it was impossible he could have acted different, and that it was the obstinacy of Constantine in not coming to St. Petersburg that was the sole cause of the subsequent outbreak; but the narrative now given to the world affords the strongest proofs that the fact was otherwise.

The administration of the oath to Constantine as Emperor went on by Nicholas' orders throughout Russia. After receiving Constantine's letter of abdication from Warsaw he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lazarev, to Warsaw, to solicit the withdrawal of the abdication; and afterwards sent the Grand-Duke Michael in the same direction on the same mission, or to prevail upon Constantine, if he persisted in resigning the government, to come to St. Petersburg and do so in person. Before Michael had gone far on his journey he met Lazarev on his return with a letter, in which Constantine stigmatized the taking of the oath to himself as "irregular and illegal," and expressed his indignant surprise that the wishes of the Emperor Alexander had not been better respected after his death. The opposition of Nicholas could not be prolonged without danger to the position of the house of Romanov, and his decision was quickened by the information which he received from the generals, who had surrounded the Emperor Alexander at Taganrog, that a great conspiracy in favor of a constitution had been discovered among the

officers of the army:—a piece of information which was entirely new to Nicholas.

The point which is kept in the background in this official and imperial narrative, the existence of a constitutional party in the Russian army, is of much higher interest to the foreign reader, than the family disputes, which alone had interest for the Russian nation.—

“The closing period of the life of the Emperor Alexander [says Korff] was darkened with discoveries saddening to his heart. So early as 1816, on the return of our armies from their foreign expedition, some of the young people had taken up the idea of establishing among us something similar to the secret political societies which then existed in Germany. The first society of this kind, originally founded on the ideas of three persons, had gradually extended: in February, 1817, it assumed a sort of regular shape, under the name of the ‘Soyuz Spasenia,’ or the ‘Union to Save.’ A handful of senseless young men, unacquainted either with the requisites of the empire or with the spirit and real needs of the people, nourished daring visions of a transformation of the whole frame of government, and soon to this idea was added the sacrilegious project of regicide. There is reason to think that a part of these intentions became known to Alexander in the year 1818, during his stay at Moscow, when those around him remarked a sudden change of disposition and a peculiar sadness, such as they had never observed before. Afterwards, the exterior manifestation of the grief that weighed upon him was softened down in some degree, but the occasion for it did not cease to exist. Through the influence of his heart, always much more inclined to mildness than severity, the Emperor looked on these destructive principles with a spirit of magnanimity, in the expectation probably that time would heal the misguided, from more than one of whom it was possible to hope—if their talents were employed in a different spirit—real services to the empire. He kept in the deepest secrecy what was known to him and only to very few others, confining himself to attentive observation only.”

Nicholas was startled to hear of the unimagined dangers which threatened him, and the extent of which seemed to augment with every day. A long and circumstantial account is given in the narrative of an interview between him and a young officer of the name of Rostovtsov, who, hearing from a friend in the army language which seemed to threaten the lives of the Imperial family, thought it his duty to warn the Grand-Duke of the

danger. The impetuous gratitude of Nicholas at the warning serves as a measure of the depth of the apprehension that had been excited. That there would be an outburst on the occasion of administering to the army the new oath of fidelity to Nicholas as Emperor was the main information that could be gathered by the Government, and the police of St. Petersburg was utterly at fault as to the parties from whom danger was to be apprehended. When under these circumstances Nicholas determined that the oath should be administered on the 14th (26th) of December, he wrote to a friend—“On the 14th I shall be emperor or a corpse.” On the morning itself he said, “If I am emperor only for an hour I will show that I am worthy of it.”

The 26th of December was the first, and is considered the most glorious day of Nicholas’ thirty years’ reign. The expected insurrection broke out in the morning, and was crushed so effectually in the afternoon that from that day it gave no further trouble. The friends of liberty may well regret that the iron despotism of the Russian state continues unshaken; but they can hardly regret that that particular attempt to overthrow it failed, for in the place of despotism it seemed likely to introduce nothing but anarchy. There is, however, a “Russian Free Press” in London, established in defence of the principles of Socialism, but conducted with eminent ability,—it is probable that it may have remarks to offer on the statements of this official and imperial narrative which may elucidate some of the points it leaves in convenient obscurity. The conspirators, who had a constitution in view, it is generally agreed, found it impossible to imbue the masses whom they led into insurrection with my idea of what a constitution was. The soldiers who revolted, revolted in defence of the supposed rights of Constantine, to whom they had sworn the oath of fidelity a few days before, and whom they supposed the victim of the ambitious projects of his brother. The word “Constitutsya” has in Russian a feminine termination, and it is said that the mutinous soldiers who shouted for it had an idea that it was the name of Constantine’s wife. The main body of insurgents were, in fact, as loyal in their own way to the house of Romanov as the soldiers whom they encountered. The one party defended the cause of Constantine, and the other that of Nicholas.

Among the incidents of that day, one or two are of particular interest. A body of the insurgents had gone to the Winter Palace, where the officer who led them had formed the project of destroying the Imperial family in one general massacre. The intended crime was frustrated by the combination of a few insignificant accidents, and the insurgents as they marched away happened to meet the Emperor.

"The Emperor knowing nothing of what had occurred," says Korff, "rode, as we before observed, back to the Winter palace. Before the building of the General Staff the crowd of revolted soldiers met him, with banners aloft, but without officers, and in complete disorder. Perplexed at their appearance, but not suspecting the truth, he determined to stop them, and draw them up better. To his call of 'Halt,' they replied, 'We are for Constantine.'—'If so, then that is your way,' coolly replied the Emperor, and pointing towards the Senate Square, commanded his own soldiers to open, and allow the mutineers to pass. They rushed past him on both sides of his horse, and soon joined themselves to the other insurgents. Providence itself must have impressed the Emperor with this thought. The activity of the mutineers was diffused in different places, and had nearly led to bloodshed under the windows of the palace; by removing the mutineers thence, and concentrating the whole body on one spot, and thus facilitating their decisive defeat, this measure, it may be said, decided the fortune of the day." This incident appears to have been the origin of the story, which we find in various books of travels, that the Emperor quelled the insurrection by simply presenting himself to the insurgents, and commanding them to kneel and ground their arms.

There was a long delay to attack the mutineers, while troops were being collected to overawe them.—

"The boldness of the insurgents, reinforced by the Grenadiers of the Life Guards, increased still more. They quickened their irregular firing, and the bullets began to whistle around the Emperor. He was looking in the direction of Benkendorf, who was not far from him, and observing that he was scolding some soldiers, asked the reason, and learning that it was because they ducked their heads out of the way of the shot, he spurred his own horse till it carried him

forward among the bullets. Now and before, the rabble, always inclined to mischief, and encouraged by the example of impunity on the part of the mutineers, began from corners and from behind the hoards of scaffolding, to throw billets of wood and stones at the soldiers. Some of them, bribed with money and wine, began to pass over openly to the insurgents. At one of the volleys from the latter, the Emperor's horse took fright, and leaped on one side. He then observed that the mob around him, whom at first he could not persuade to put on their hats, began to put them on, and to look at him in an insolent manner. 'Hats off!' [Shapki doly], he vociferated, with involuntary sternness. In a moment all heads were bare, and the mob was scampering off. The place was clear without further delay, and piquets of cavalry were stationed at the entrances of the streets to allow no one to pass to the square."

For four hours the mutiny continued unshaken. At three in the afternoon, when the artillery was all in readiness, and longer delay was thought dangerous, the Emperor sent General Sukhozavet to summon the insurgents to surrender on a promise of mercy. It was a service of danger, for Miloradovich, the military governor of St Petersburg, had fallen mortally wounded in a similar attempt. Sukhozavet returned unsuccessful, with a volley fired after him.

"Your Majesty," he reported on his return, "the madmen shout 'Constitution!'" The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyes to heaven. All means had been tried and exhausted. The decisive moment was come. He gave the order, 'Fire the cannon in succession, the right flank commencing first.' The command, repeated by all the officers in order of seniority, has been uttered by the very last; Bakunin, when the heart of the Emperor failed him. The order 'Stop' came in time to prevent the volley. In a few seconds the same process was repeated. At length the Emperor gave orders for the third time. The fatal 'Fire!' was again pronounced by Bakunin; but remained without effect. The cannoneer, who had twice heard a countermand, was in no hurry to execute the order. In an instant, Bakunin sprang from his horse, rushed to the cannon, and demanded of the cannoneer why he did not fire. 'Were I myself standing at the cannon's mouth,' he cried, 'and orders were given to fire, you should not dare to hesitate.' The cannoneer obeyed. The first volley struck high against the walls of the Senate House; it was answered with wild cries and an active fire. But a second and

third followed, which went into the very thick of the crowd, and threw it at once into confusion."

In a few minutes the mutineers had taken to flight, and the victory of the Emperor was secure.

Our remarks have extended to such a length that we have only room to add, that whether the production of an imperial or a baronial pen, the style of the narrative has considerable merit; it is lucid and generally

simple. The greatest defect is an over attention to minute particulars, which sometimes more than verges on the pedantic. This may, perhaps, be thought to point out that the volume really belongs to its nominal author, who is the head of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and chiefly known as a bibliographer, and the careful republisher of some tracts on the history of Russia during the last three centuries.

Mr. UNDERHILL, a gentleman who has recently returned from visiting the missions established by the Baptist Missionary Society in India, favored an audience at Leeds with his views on the subject.

Instruction in Bengalee, he said, had borne very little fruit; while in English the progress had been most remarkable. There was a reason for this. There was nothing to be learnt from the Bengalee literature but legends which inculcated lust, licentiousness, and all the worst passions of human nature. The consequence was, that when an English school was opened, the people flocked to it with their children, although fully aware that every effort would be made to convert the children to Christianity. Formerly the children were paid for attending the schools; but so eager were the people to have their children educated, that a school-fee was now charged, and the change had been followed by an increase in the number of scholars and an improvement in the class of the children sent to school. In the Government schools, the education was secular: the Bible was prohibited, and every word was expunged from the class-books which would lead the scholars to ask any question relating to Christianity; indeed, Lord Elphinstone ascertained when examining a Government school at Bombay, that the masters had been directed to refuse to answer any question, which bore upon the subject of Christianity. But while Christianity—the very mention of Christianity—was forbidden in the Government schools, the scholars in them were constantly hearing references to Hindooism, Mahometanism, and idolatry. Now, parents knew well that Christianity would be taught the children in Missionary schools, and yet these schools were in greater favor amongst Hindoo parents than were the schools of the Government. . . . Upon the subject of the treatment of the Missionaries by the people, he said that in Bengal there had been a great change, within the last few years. Missionaries are rarely insulted now, and never insulted by the Hindoos. If they are insulted at all, it is by the Mahometans; the feeling of the Hindoos being turned in favor of Christians.

—*Spectator*.

AMONG the uses of a vacation is the opportunity which it gives of devoting quiet attention

to the questions which storm, and froth, and bubble during the Session of Parliament. Accordingly, it is very desirable that all the materials collected by Commissions, Committees, &c., should be published as soon as they are printed. From all we can learn, we are much afraid that this wholesome rule is not to be regarded in the case of the Answers to the Questions on decimal coinage proposed by Lord Overstone. The Answers are printed and ready; but the Commissioners give them neither to the Crown, nor the Parliament, nor the People. It ought to be remembered that these Questions were announced with some flourish from a portion of the press. They were to change the whole appearance of the question; they were to route the whole phalanx of the decimalists. They have been answered: and there is somewhere or other a disinclination to let the public see the Answers. Now this backwardness is not on the part of the decimalists: it must then be on the part of those who would remain as we are. The delay itself will soon count as an answer. But why not have two answers? Why does not the Decimal Association collect the answers from the respondents, and publish them? Surely the Crown has no copyright in them. We should then have, first, the answer of the querist himself (for Lord Overstone must be held responsible for the delay) contained in the retention of the actual replies; secondly, the very replies which have thus drawn out the other and shorter answer. At the head of the questions was a quotation from the Peel Memoirs, as follows:—"The best opportunity is thus (by written memoranda) afforded for a mature consideration of statements made and arguments adduced and the most effectual precaution taken against misconstruction and hasty inconsiderate decision." Now, though keeping the Answers piled up in a printer's warehouse is certainly a precaution against misconstruction and hasty decision, we put it with all respect to Lord Overstone that it is equally a precaution against any construction and decision. How then can it give an opportunity for mature consideration? So far as we can make out, only one page of the uppermost copies can be read, and that only by the people who belong to the warehouse in which the whole is stacked.—*Athenæum*.

From *The Spectator*.

SNOW'S TWO YEARS CRUISE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.*

EVERY one remembers the terrible death by starvation of Captain Gardiner and his companions in an attempt to convert the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Their fate was enough to deter any one from following in their footsteps; but, according to the intimations of Mr. Snow, the special Missionary Society which Captain Gardiner had founded was too good a thing to let drop. The sensation caused by the heroic death of that self-devoted man brought in subscriptions; a vessel was built, not bought, for the purpose of further "action"; and permission was obtained from Government to occupy some portion of the Falkland Islands, at a nominal rent with the option of purchase. The scanty supplies furnished by Tierra del Fuego, and the ill-will if not hostility of the natives, forbade the idea of establishing at the outset a mission among the Fuegians. It was proposed to form a sort of head-quarters on one of the Falkland Islands, and procure natives, who were to be taught the arts of life, educated in the doctrines of Christianity, and thus accomplished, sent back to Christianize and civilize their countrymen. A difficulty, however, was found in getting a nautical chief for the expedition; seamen were deterred by the fate of Captain Gardiner, and the difficulties that beset the mariner in the neighborhood of Cape Horn and the maze of waters that are found between the Straits of Magellan and that Southern extremity of America. In an evil hour for himself, Mr. Parker Snow answered the Society's advertisement, and undertook the command of the "Allen Gardiner"; for the post involved him in two years' trouble and hot water. At the outset he was compelled, against his own representations, to engage a crew professing piety; and he found them much more disposed to preach upon their orders than to obey them; in fact, he seems to have avoided mutiny by abrogating his authority as a commander. The laymen on board brought him trouble. The surgeon

was weak and led astray by the catechist, while the last-named, not only assumed the airs of superior piety at sea, but when on shore and superintendent of the colony that was to be, caused the captain a world of anxiety, besides involving him with the authorities of the Falkland Islands. A more substantial cause of grief was a deficiency of the needful: having got the captain out, the Society left him to *pay* as well as make his way about Cape Horn. Interference, trick, espionage, are charged upon the Society; finally the captain was superseded by a reverend gentleman, and, demurring to the authority, was turned out of his ship by some process of Falkland Island law, which the captain maintains was not law.

The representations of the book in which these things are set forth are of course only one side of the story. Told in nautical style by the skipper, it forms a very pretty grievance; but there is far too much of it,—especially as the reader cannot but suspect that the captain went somewhat upon *juste milieu* principles, neither rigidly enforcing his powers as commander nor thoroughly carrying out the practice of conciliation and influence. In truth, private ships are not fitted for expeditions of this kind, where settlement, diplomacy, and discovery, are involved. There are too many masters, too lax a discipline in many things, without sufficient power to enforce a strict one; and we fear that too often the persons engaged in the undertaking are deficient in the sense of subordination if not of the honor which characterizes the service. What would be thought of the first officer in a Queen's ship reporting to his captain that "all hands were afraid"? (Vol. I. p. 316.)

The outward voyage, a good part of the navigation about the Falkland Islands, and of the voyages between them and Monte Video, are open to the same remark as the personal grievances: there is too much of it. A Robinson-Crusoe style of narration and a kind of rough and picturesque treatment, sustain the interest of the nautical descriptions more than might be supposed; the wild and violent weather of the Falkland Islands, with the dangers of their navigation and the peculiar character of the river Plate, have a novelty beyond the common run of voyaging. Still the dangers of channels bordered by cliffs and studded by rocks, heavy gales, and the

* *A Two-Years Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate: a Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas.* By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht "Allen Gardiner." Author of "Voyage of the Prince Albert in Search of Sir John Franklin." With Charts and Illustrations. In two volumes. Published by Longmans and Co.

shoals of La Plata with its irregular currents, have a general resemblance, which when often repeated becomes tedious.

In fact, the narrative should have been chiefly confined to the main objects of the voyage,—that is, the formation of the nucleus of a settlement at the Falkland Islands, and the voyage to Tierra del Fuego to examine the region, visit the graves of Gardiner and his companions, seek an interview with Jemmy Button, a man whom the present Admiral Fitzroy took to England and after a three years education returned to his native place, and to try in an intercourse with the natives to induce some of them to volunteer for the new settlement. From the demands of his nautical employment Captain Snow could not observe the growth of the settlement, so far as ill management permitted it to grow; when at the Islands he was chiefly occupied in disputes with the landmen. The adventures in Tierra del Fuego are very interesting. That region is perhaps the most extraordinary in the world, from the manner in which the water intersects the land. It is about as fresh a place as a traveller can go to; for except Fitzroy in his celebrated surveying voyage, we question whether any one has gone over more ground—or rather water—than our author. The real dangers of the navigation from rocks, shoals, winds, and winding channels, are increased to the imagination, from the mistrust which seamen have ever felt for those waters, since the first circumnavigator passed through the strait which bears his name, even when the discovery of Magellan was superseded by the doubling of Cape Horn. Nor are the actual incidents without attraction. The little Allen Gardiner encountered much rough weather, and escaped many dangers. Captain Snow's intercourse with the Fuegians exhibits man in as unsophisticated a state as he well can be; for the natives of all ages and sexes were quite fitted as regards costume for the early days of Paradise. Jemmy Button himself was discovered, after the lapse of some quarter of a century, retaining a knowledge of English words, a remembrance of England, and a sense of what was due to the presence of ladies—Mrs. Snow was on board; but was unwilling to go back to England, or to let any one else go. The country, as well in the Captain's descriptions as in the engravings from his sketches, appears more pleasant and

fruitful than the mind supposes can be the case in Tierra del Fuego; even the spot where poor Gardiner perished, with its ominous name of Starvation Bay, looks green and agreeable in the plate. To the opinion which Captain Snow seems to entertain of the country's capabilities we must demur. He saw only bits of it, and that in the spring-time analogous to our May: the whole region is difficult of access except to surveying or other vessels to which time is no object, and which can pick their seasons. Yet even in the most favorable season this is the kind of weather to be met with—Mr. Snow had just anchored in Middle Cove, Wollaston Island.

"I had but time to make all secure and snug in this, a *known* harbor, when the gale came on with great fury. As the day advanced, the strength of the gale increased; at dusk it was still increasing; and at mid night I was obliged to turn out all hands, in the midst of a heavy hail-storm, and let go the second anchor, veering both cables out on end, the one anchor having ninety fathoms o. chain to it. Yet even with this I feared she would not hold, for the gale was truly terrific. Indeed, it was almost impossible to walk the deck. A short sea also got up, though fortunately nothing to hurt; for, had there been much sea on, I think I must have slipped and hove-to outside, fearing we should part our anchors. To be prepared for any casualty, I had reefs and storm-sails ready; and the next day, finding the gale still heavier, I was obliged to send down all the yards and top-masts, run the jib-boom in, and have nothing presented to the wind but the lower masts. For five days did this gale—the heaviest I have experienced for some years—continue.

"On one occasion, during the night of the third day of its prevalence, I was on deck when a furious squall of hail and wind, similar to a tornado, burst upon us with a force like the blow of an enormous sledge-hammer. The little ship trembled again; you could hear every part of her move under that tremendous blast, and I might easily fancy her a living thing shuddering with the apprehension of the wrath and power of those terrible elements she was calmly striving to resist. On that wild coast, near that dark and frowning land, during that inky night relieved occasionally by fitful gleams of a strange and peculiar light, with the large hail pelting upon one like showers of bullets, I could not but feel deeply anxious; but by this time I had full confidence in the ship, and in the anchors and cable, but above all in Him who ruleth the raging of the seas, and whose own the ship was."

There are many such pictures of tempests and danger met in a seamanlike way. There are also many sketches of pleasant places, or at least of what appeared pleasant to eyes accustomed to the ocean or the dreary monotony of Falkland Isles. The greatest interest, however, is connected with the Fuegians themselves. From the description, there would seem to be several distinct tribes, some more warlike than others; the first encountered were peaceable enough.

"There were three men and two women in the canoe, and all of them gesticulating and shouting with great vehemence, except one of the women who seemed to be more quiet than the rest. Frothing at the mouth and making rapid motions with their arms, they at first appeared as if they were savagely indignant at our having violated the quiet of their native waters; but in a few moments we had them on the most friendly terms, laughing and mimicking whatever we did. They were fine powerful-looking men, each in a state of savage nudity; and though shaggy as regards their uncombed hair, and otherwise repulsive, I could not help being greatly surprised at finding them so superior to what I had been led to expect the Fuegians really were. As regards the women, I was particularly struck with some peculiarities which showed, savage and degraded as they otherwise might be, a certain degree of modesty and decorum exceedingly gratifying to witness; nor had I afterwards occasion to lessen this feeling of my mind in reference to them. The men, though in the primitive garb I have described, had no notion of its being repugnant to us, or that it was at all singular.

"On permission being given, they leaped on board, and were speedily clothed with some old apparel belonging to us. My wife gave each of the women part of a colored shawl, and their childish expressions of delight afforded us great satisfaction. * * *

"The latter [the younger of the two women] had a baby at the breast, and frequently with a winning smile and plaintive voice, asked, by the oft-repeated words 'Yamma scoona,' for something for the 'pauca ninne.' Mrs. Snow gave her many little presents, for which she returned grateful smiles, and "Cutta-cutta, cutta-cutta," (apparently 'many thanks,') over and over again. Her attachment to the child was evident; and what was given to the child she showed she understood was for that purpose, by putting it immediately around its neck or about its person.

"The two women kept themselves squatted in the bottom of the canoe, nor did they once attempt to rise. Whenever they moved their position, they did so in a manner that

really commanded my esteem, while it created in me something of astonishment. * * *

"I showed them a looking-glass; but they did not like it, nor yet dolls or figures of any kind. They motioned for them to be put away: but the music of a concertina I played seemed to please them greatly. Food they would not partake of, though receiving any thing we gave them, and putting it away after pretending to eat it. Some toys and gilt watches I had bought at home for the purpose were eagerly accepted. They had but few things worth bartering for as memorials of our visit: bone spears, rush baskets, slings, a skin that Daut-a-waie had with him, and put on when he came on board, were among those I obtained. They were very fair and honest in their dealings with us; and when in the canoe they invariably handed me the article I made them understand I wanted, when giving a glass necklace, beads, or buttons for it expressly. They first received the to them valuable goods from me, and then handed me up what was expected in exchange. On one occasion there was misconception about an article, and they immediately returned to me what I had just bestowed; which of course I again gave them, if only for their honorable dealing. Nor would one take what was intended for another; but if a button or trinket was meant for a particular person it was passed on to him or her without delay. All these things I noticed on their first visit to us, and it gave such a favorable impression of them that I could not help feeling greatly delighted. Towards sunset I made signs that it was time to go to bed; and soon comprehending me, they departed, with many friendly expressions and much good humor."

As Tierra del Fuego is very rarely visited, the existence of Jemmy Button was of course a problem. Yet it was a problem upon which it was supposed that much depended; for Jemmy would most probably serve as a channel of communication, he *might* even be a means of persuading some natives to go to the settlement. All that could be done, however, was to steer for his last known place of abode, Woollya; and as Mr. Snow approached he fell upon a scheme that was successful.

"As we neared Button Islet, several other canoes came in sight, without venturing off to us. Large numbers of the natives were also observed on the island; and fires in one or two places were lit, either as signals or for their domestic purposes. Our course here was past all these islets and to the Eastward—Woollya being about five miles off; but,

seeing so many of the natives, I was struck with an idea that perhaps Jemmy Button, if alive, might be on *this island* instead of at Woollya; and to give him, as I hoped, some knowledge of who and what we were, I had the British colors run up to the mast-head. No sooner were they displayed and floating in the air, than I could see one or two of the canoes hastily paddling towards us, while at least some hundred natives were clustered in groups around their large fires upon various eminences in a bay we were passing. I was, as may be supposed, very anxious.

"When, therefore, I saw the two canoes paddling towards us, I determined to hail them and make inquiries; but I did not shorten sail until one of the canoes, outstripping the other, came near. I did not, however, do more than deaden the ship's way, as we were close in-shore, and I wanted to reach Woollya before dark; but, standing on the raised platform, aft, I sang out to the natives interrogatively, 'Jemmy Button? Jemmy Button?' To my amazement and joy—almost rendering me for a moment speechless—an answer came from one of the four men in the canoe, 'Yes, yes; Jam-mes Button, Jam-mes Button!' at the same time pointing to the second canoe, which had nearly got alongside. To down with the helm—throw the ship up in the wind close under the high mountains—shorten sail—call all hands upon deck, and put the vessel's head in the bay towards Button Island—was but the work of an instant; and for that instant, so extraordinary did those words in English sound from the lips of a native Fuegian, I was unable to prevent a momentary confusion. My wife, the catechist, and the two mates, rushed up from their tea; and, so completely astonished were we all at such a sudden realization of our most sanguine wishes, and *here* instead of at Woollya, as I had expected, that I believe there was no one on board but felt as though struck dumb. But voices enough were soon heard from all quarters, on board and alongside, as the first canoe, having got abreast of us, remained at a small distance off, while the second canoe, with a stout, wild, and shaggy-looking man, standing up in it, came close to. 'Jam-mes Button, me, Jam-mes Button, me!' shouted the new comer; 'Jam-mes Button, me—where's the ladder?' And the next moment Jemmy Button—the very man himself—the protégé of Captain Fitzroy—the one upon whom the mission rests so much of its hopes—was alongside, well and hearty, and giving me a welcome in broken words of my own tongue!

"There being no accommodation-ladder ready, not deeming we should want one in any part of this wild region, he repeated the

question 'Where's the ladder?' And we had to throw him a rope to mount by, getting the ladder rigged immediately afterwards. The next instant he had cleverly mounted, and was on the deck of the *Allen Gardiner*, shaking hands as heartily and as friendly as if he had known us for years.

"Directly I could cease from attending to the ship, I turned my attention to Jemmy. He was easily recognized from his resemblance to the account given of him in Captain Fitzroy's narrative. He was, as on the occasion of that gentleman's second visit in 1834, quite naked, having his hair long and matted at the sides, cropped in front, and his eyes affected by smoke. The same words used by Captain Fitzroy to describe him are applicable now, as well as of his wife, who was also (this being his second wife, and a very young woman) 'good-looking,' and seemed to be much attached to Jemmy and the children.

"One of the first things I did was to equip Jemmy in some of my clothes; for, strange to say, amongst an abundance of wearing apparel of a not very necessary kind for women, nothing had been put on board except one or two shirts for the men. I therefore, at my own expense, had to furnish what was requisite. Indeed, Jemmy, directly he got on board, and found an 'Ingless lady' was in the cabin, asked me for 'clothes to put on.' These I soon gave him; and in putting on the trousers, he said, 'want braces,' as distinctly as I could utter the words. In fact, he appeared suddenly to call to mind many things. His tongue was, as it were, loosened; and words, after a moment's thought, came to his memory expressive of what he wished to say. There was no connected talk from him, but broken sentences, abrupt and pithy. Short inquiries, and sometimes painful efforts to explain himself, were made, with, however, an evident pleasure in being again able to converse with some one in the 'Ingless talk.' That he must have been greatly attached to it, is evident from the fact that he had not omitted to teach his wife, children, and relations. I could hardly credit my senses, when I heard Mrs. Jemmy Button from the canoe calling aloud for her husband to come to her. She seemed most anxious he should not be again taken away; for, when he had been on board some little time, and was with me down in the cabin out of sight, her calls for him were loud and frequent. 'Jamus, Jamus,' said she, at the same time rapping hard against the ship's side with a paddle; for as it was drawing towards dusk, I had not then invited her on board. Poor thing! no doubt the whole history of her husband's visit to the fairland of the strangers, and the 'conetree' where such

'vary pretty ladies' lived, had often been told to her; and now that a big canoe with wings had again come from that 'Ingliss conetree,' it may have greatly alarmed her, lest she should be suddenly left alone. Jemmy, however, had no intention of this; nor had one amongst them.

"The first thing I did after his coming down was to put food before him. Poor fellow! there was evidently the germ of good qualities and a refinement of manner in and about him. Seeing my wife, he hesitated; seemed abashed; reflected a moment; and then—for the table had been laid with every thing for my tea—asked for 'knife to cut meat, and, and'—but he could get no further. Something he wanted to say he had not the memory of English words to express. When he sat down, I soon saw his agitation and excitement were too great, and I rather think, by some signs in his eye, that his heart was too full, to let him eat. For myself I was also unable to eat. My food was in contemplating the man before me; and some fish bought from the natives in the Beagle Channel went away untasted. I now began to question Jemmy; and to try and draw him out. But he was so confused, that beyond disjointed sentences I obtained, at that time, very little information from him. One important point, however, I did ascertain; and this was as to the language of his people. Taking from my book-shelves Captain Fitzroy's narrative, I went over several words in the vocabulary, and found that the Tekeenica column was correct. By it, so far as it goes, some communication can be held with the natives in these parts, though not with those in the Beagle Channel or at Banner Cove. The portraits of himself and the other Fuegians made him laugh and look sad alternately, as the two characters he was represented in, savage and civilized, came before his eye. Perhaps he was calling to mind his combed hair, washed face, and dandy dress, with the polished boots it is said he so much delighted in; perhaps he was asking himself which, after all, was the best—the prim and starch, or the rough and shaggy? Which he thought, he did not choose to say; but which I inferred he thought was gathered from his refusal to go anywhere again with us. Of England, he, however, spoke with much grateful feeling. 'Yes: me know—Ingliss conetree: vary good—you flag, me know (meaning that he had understood the British ensign that I had hoisted at the main); yes, much good—all good in Ingliss conetree—long way—me sick in hammock—very bad—big water sea—me know Capen Fitzoy—Byno—Bennet—Walamstow—Wilson—Ingliss lady, you wife?' and on being told yes, he added, alluding to my wife's fresh-colored countenance and at that time healthy appear-

ance, 'Ah, Ingliss ladies vary pretty! vary pretty!' And so it was with many other things, but especially our canary, a splendid songster, which several times elicited from him 'Vary pretty bird!'

"I took him into my library, and showed him several of the articles arranged there—wisely I cannot now say, for it perhaps recalled too much to him; nevertheless I showed him all that I thought might bring back to his mind the past—my books—pictures—instruments—fire-arms—toilet materials and ladies' fancy articles, concerning all of which he kept constantly expressing his delight, and naming some of them without hesitation, and others after a slight difficulty. A fine musical-box gave him intense pleasure; and when I played a harmonium, one of Alexandre's, he stood beside me as if entranced."

Whether the following passage has any further meaning than the words directly taken convey, we do not know. With the conclusion as to the impropriety of kidnapping natives on the plea of converting them, we perfectly agree. Mr. Snow's questions, put through Jemmy, referred to a proposal to accompany him.

"I expressly put the question in every possible and attractive form, both as regarded the adults and the younger branches; but a *decided and positive negative* was the reply from one and all. Yet the reverse has been stated! I now publicly deny it. To go amongst them, with proper means, and using the results of practical experience, is another thing; but to try and get them away by any plan or cajolery that they do not properly understand, especially after what I learned from Jemmy Button—against this I protest. It may be glossed over: it may appear in letters and print very prettily; but, I maintain, it is not right until the poor creatures can be made to comprehend and understand all about it. Facts speak for themselves. Jemmy Button had tasted the sweets, or, as they might be to him, the bitters of high civilization; he at all events knew what it was, and all about going away; yet what was his answer, when I and the catechist asked him if he, or any of his boys, would accompany us only a little way? Why, a *positive negative*: and therefore, if I were to hear of ten or of fifty Fuegian boys as being at the Mission station in the Falklands, I would never believe, until I knew that the Fuegians had learned our language, that those poor lads had gone there as only a religious society ought to let them go, namely, with a full and perfect knowledge of what it was for. Evil must not be done that good may perchance, and only perchance, come."

FIRST GRIEF.

[The following poem was written by James Hedderwick, a Scottish poet, little known in this country. Who that ever lost a brother or sister could read these lines without a falter in the voice and a tear in the eye?]

THEY tell me, first and early love
Outlives all after-dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings;
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

O! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb:

I had not seen his face before,
I shuddered at the sight;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang in the trees
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours;
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife;
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life.

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Come back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot!

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep trace that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface!

From The Evening Post.

SONG OF THE STREET.

RUSHING 'round the corners, chasing every
friend,
Plunging into banks, nothing there to lend;
Piteously begging of every man you meet.
Bless me! this is pleasant, "shinning" on the
street.

Merchants very short, running neck and neck,
Want to keep a'going, praying for a check;
Dabblers in stocks, blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing they were "fancy free."

All our splendid railroads got such dreadful
knocks,
Twenty thousand Bulls couldn't raise their
stocks;

Many of the Bears, in the trouble sharing,
Now begin to feel they've been over-Bearing.

Risky speculators tumbling with the shock,
Never mind stopping more than any clock;
Still they give big dinners, smoke and drink
and sup,

Going all the better for a winding up.

Banking institutions, companies of "trust,"
With other people's money go off on a bust;
Houses of long standing crumbling in a night—
With so many "smashes," no wonder money's
tight.

Gentlemen of means, having lots to spend,
Saving little sympathy, nothing have to lend;
Gentlemen in want, willing to pay double,
Find they can borrow nothing now but trouble.

Half our men of business, wanting an exten-
sion,

While nearly all the others contemplate suspen-
sion;

Many of them, though, don't appear to dread
it;

Every cent they owe is so much to their credit.

Brokers all are breaking' credit all is cracked,
Women all expanding as the banks contract.
Panic still increasing; where will the trouble
end,

While all hands want to borrow, and nobody
can lend?

Running, round the corners, trying every
source;

Asking at the banks; nothing there of course;
Money getting tighter, misery complete;
Bless me! this is pleasant "shinning" on the
street.

WALL STREET.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SLEDGE DRIVE TO CHURCH.

A TALE OF NORWAY.

WHAT a strange wild country is old Norway! The brow of the earth, the forehead of the world, as the Scalds of old loved to call it in their songs. Even in the map how singular is that jagged, furrowed, long coastline, stretching above a thousand miles, from the North Cape with its eternal ice, down to a genial latitude of wheat land and flowers. On this vast seaboard, water and land seem to have been struggling for the mastery, till at last all was amicably settled by a division of the territory, and the deep fiords run miles inland, and the steep promontories project far out into the ocean. Truly it is a beautiful country, with its great bosses of snow-fields, the long windings of the lake-like fiords, the roaring Foss, and the endless pine forest. Then, too, what strange sights meet the traveller: the midsummer night's sun never setting, the months of darkness, the shepherd's life in the Saeters, the wandering nomade Laps and their encampments, the bear hunts, and the Old World superstitions and customs which linger in the secluded valleys.

Norway has still other and more important claims to notice; it is one of those few and favored countries where freedom is enjoyed, and the hardy prosperous peasantry are living witnesses of the worth of its immemorial institutions. Norway, also, was among the first to shake off the errors of Rome, and to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation. It is true that rationalism and indifference have long chilled the Christian heart of the country, but now it is throbbing with increased vigor, and sending warm streams of life-blood to the extremities of the land.

A pleasant-looking farm that of Ravensdal, nestling beneath some sheltering rocks in an inland valley not far from the Arctic circle. The commodious dwelling was of blackened timber, adorned with curious carving, and pious sayings cut in the beams; while clustering round stood the cottages of the peasants who cultivated the soil. In all the province of Norland there was not a farmer more respected and esteemed, or a more upright, honorable man, than Andreas Jansen, the owner of Ravensdal.

It was early one Sunday morning in mid-winter, and the Jansens were preparing to start for church, a drive of many miles. One

of the sledges had been recently disabled, so none of the farm-servants were able to go with them. Rather a large party got into the remaining sleigh, which though a roomy one was more than full; but when the farmer proposed to leave the two boys at home, there was so much lamentation that he relented. Andreas handed his comely-looking wife Ingeborg to her seat; she was followed by her sons, Raoul the younger, a walking bundle of fur, taking his place on his mother's knees. Ella, the pretty only daughter, next stepped in; and lastly, carrying some wrap for his lady-love, came Hugo, Ella's betrothed, who the day before had arrived on snow-shoes from the southward, to spend a few days at Ravensdal. Andreas mounted to his seat, gently touched with the whip the three horses, harnessed unicorn fashion, and they started at a smart pace. It was quite early for service began at twelve, and as the distance was great it was necessary to start betimes. As yet there was no glimmer of daylight, but moon and stars shone with a radiance unknown in our latitudes, and there was abundance of light for the journey. Buried in skins and furs, the party did not feel the cold, which though great was not excessive—the absence of a breath of wind and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere making it much more endurable than the same depression of the thermometer would be in England. It was a grand event this journey to church, for weeks and weeks had passed since last they were able to go. True, Andreas had every Sunday a sort of prayer-meeting at Ravensdal with the neighboring peasants, but this did not compensate for the lack of the public services. Then, too, the whole family thought it most fortunate that the fairness of the weather should enable them to go on this especial Sunday of all others, for it was what they call an altar-day, *i. e.* the Sacrament was to be administered.

There was an eyrie beauty in the scene: the solemn mountains lifting up their hoary heads into the star-sprinkled sky; the small tarn with its glittering icy surface, the stern old pines, whose green looked almost black contrasted with the snow, and the graceful birken trees, those "ladies of the woods," decked out, as little Raoul said, when the first rime fell that winter, in their white mantles, all ready for sister Ella's wedding day. The stillness was unbroken; dumb the

ere long dancing elv (river), where, when the valley was filled with the sound of its noisy music, the English milords had caught the salmon with those marvellous many-colored flies, the envy of the neighborhood; silent and deserted the picturesque saw-mill, which had been such a busy animated scene in the summer, when the English lady had sketched it, half deafened by the whirl of its wheels. But as if to make amends for the stillness elsewhere, there was no silence in the sledge. Andreas turned round to address his wife, or talked to his horses, in that brotherly way so characteristic of the Norwegian, who always makes friends of the four-footed creatures in his service, and particularly of his horses. Olaf, the elder boy, who was perched on Hugo's knee, after some vain attempts to obtain his attention, turned to his mother and Raoul, and kept up with them a continuous stream of question and remark; while Hugo and Ella, leaning back in one corner, heeding nobody and nothing but themselves, found much to say to each other in low, happy tones. And the tinkling of the merry sleigh bells, as they jingled round the horses' collars, made to all this a most musical accompaniment.

One third of the journey was over, when, with a startled exclamation, Andreas suddenly pulled up his horses. At a turn of the road there lay, extended on the snow, a human form. In a minute the farmer had confided the reins to Olaf, proud of the charge, and he and Hugo jumping down, ran to give assistance. The pack at the man's side told them that he was one of those pedlers who wander from farm-house to farm-house all over the country. Overpowered by the cold, he had sunk into that fainting, deathlike sleep from which there is oftentimes no waking. At first all efforts to rouse him failed, but life was evidently not extinct; so seeing a chalet close at hand, which in the summer had been used as a covert for cattle, and now was a store for firewood, they carried him there, and kindling a fire on the outside, they rubbed his limbs till some warmth returned, and poured some corn brandy (which no Norwegian travels without) down his throat, and he partially revived. All this occupied some time, and now they were quite in a dilemma as to what to do next. Leave him they could not, to take him on with them was impossible; he was not sufficiently recovered to bear

the air, even if they could make room for him in that state. To turn back and take him home was almost as difficult, and if so they must give up church entirely. Ella, who had alighted to assist them, at last said in a decided tone, "There is but one thing, father, that we can do: Hugo must stay with the poor man."

"Yes," said Hugo, "that is the best plan. You drive on to church, and take us up in the afternoon as you return; by that time he is sure to be all right."

"Well," said Andreas, "it does seem the only way; but it will be a sad disappointment for you, my poor girl."

"I do not know that," muttered Hugo; "she was the first to propose getting rid of me."

"Now that is too bad," said Ella, with a face rueful enough to satisfy her lover, "when you know I have been counting for weeks and weeks upon your being with us for this altar Sunday."

It clearly was the most feasible plan, and so it was settled. Ella murmured to Hugo as he helped her into the sledge again:

"God will not the less bless our engagement that it begins with an act of self-denial."

"True, Ella; you remember what you said last night about being almost too happy, every thing so bright; it is as well there should be a little cross."

Some provisions, which had been put into the sledge ready for any emergency, were handed out to Hugo, and he was entreated to take care of himself as well as the pedler, and to keep up a good fire.

"Certainly," said he, "no fear of not doing that; why here is fire-wood enough to roast half a dozen oxen whole. You are sure you will be able to do without me, Father Andreas?"

"Perfectly, the horses are quite manageable, the road good, and the weather set fair—we can have no difficulty."

So they started off again, Olaf saucily calling out to Hugo, that now he was gone Ella would be of some use to other people, and that the rest of the party would gain, not lose, one by his departure. However, Ella was not inclined to be lively, and her gravity infected even the high spirits of her young brothers. The remainder of the drive was rather dull for all parties, and every one was glad when the peaked roofs of the small

town came into sight. The Jansens drove to a relation's house, put up the horses, left their outer coverings in the sledge, and then entered the church soon after service had commenced. Dame Ingeborg and Ella took their places on the north side, while Andreas and his boys went to the south, the men's side. The church was a large octagon wooden building, black with age, and of picturesque construction, the interior adorned with quaint carving and some strange frescoes of Scripture subjects, dating from before the Reformation. It was well filled and with a congregation as picturesque as the building. There was a mixture of races and dress, the Norse women wearing beneath their hoods the "lue," the close-fitting, black cap, and dark, sober-colored dress, while the Fins were decked out in gaudy colors and tinsel ornaments. The tall forms of the blue-eyed, fair-haired descendants of the Vikings, contrasted very favorably with the stunted figures and dark, sallow faces of the more northern and inferior race. The pastor was a venerable old man, dressed in the style of our English divines of the time of Elizabeth and James I. He had on the black canonicals of the Lutheran clergy; a thick, white ruff round his neck, his long white hair floated over his shoulders, while, on account of the cold, he wore a black velvet skull-cap on his head.

Prayers and singing over, he commenced his discourse without notes of any kind, and in a strain of simple, fervid eloquence, which riveted the attention of his auditors; he expounded the sublime precept which Christianity first inculcated, of doing to others what we would that they should do to us. The sermon over some christenings followed, and then the Communion. The service, which had lasted more than three hours, at length terminated, and they emerged from the church. Many were the greetings to be exchanged between friends and neighbors unseen for long, and it was some time ere the Jansens reached the relation's house, where they were to partake of the mid-day meal. This over, they did not linger long, for Andreas had promised Hugo they would return as soon as possible. As they were leaving the town, they were stopped near the parsonage by the pastor, who pressed them to come in and see the Frau Pastorinn. Andreas explained the reasons which made

them anxious to be off, and the good old man, shaking him heartily by the hand, said:

"So some of you have been acting what I have been preaching, playing the good Samaritan. Well, well, it shall not lack its reward. God bless you, friend Andreas!"

The short-lived, northern day had long waned when, leaving the clustered, wooden dwellings surrounding the church behind them, the Jansens started on their homeward route to Ravensdal. But little was the daylight missed, for the glorious northern lights were up, streaming, flickering like fiery banners across the sky, brighter far than the pale Arctic winter sun, and diffusing around a mild beautiful radiance neither sunshine nor moonshine, but a light more poetic, more romantic, than that of common day or night. Little Raoul clapped his hands with delight, as from the luminous cloud on the northern horizon streamers of green, purple, red, and golden light shot up. Andreas said it was years and years since an Aurora so splendid had been seen. "Look at that blood-red color: our forefathers thought it ever foreboded death or misfortunes. I have heard many stories of the terror such an appearance occasioned. How happy are we who have learnt to trust in a Heavenly Father, and no longer fear such omens."

A lonely road was their way home: no habitations except a few farm-houses near the town, and when these were passed a long stretch of desolate country—wild, rocky valleys, all clad in their snowy garments, with the deserted summer chalets scattered over them, mocking the traveller with an idea of human life; beneath, frowning precipices of black rock, where the snow could find no resting-place; through pine woods, whose venerable denizens had survived many generations of mortals,

"Moored to the rifted rock.

Proof to the tempest shock."

The children were asleep, Raoul in his mother's arms, who half unconsciously was humming to herself a hymn of praise as she wrapped the little nestling warm in her furs. Olaf, after repeated declarations that he was not in the least sleepy, had been glad to lean his head against his sister's shoulder; his eyes soon closed, and he was as sound asleep as his little brother. Ella gave herself up to a dreamy reverie as she thought over the solemn communion service, the sermon, and

then the bright future before her. Pleasant thoughts they were: in her life's horizon it was all blue sky behind her, and she saw still more before her. And soon these thoughts were woven together, and bright castles in the air arose which made her smile to herself as she pictured them before her mind's eye; what Hugo and she would do when they had a home of their own, how they would welcome the wayfarer, nurse the sick, and succor the distressed. Then higher and upwards flew her thoughts, and she imagined the hour when earth's usefulness should cease, earth's happiness fade; when, the threshold of eternity passed, they should hear the angelic songs of victory, and a voice from the throne saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded a noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now on all of a sudden she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back, and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked; "is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner not at all usual to him—"I hope nothing;" and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, "God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh, and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half rose, and gasped out "Oh, father, is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a

tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and closing her eyes for a moment and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf-stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "Oh, God, my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer is the howling—faster go the terrified horses, their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaf, and, unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder-flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas' eyes fall on her; he is even at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale, composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they have descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us, then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonized prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On come the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry, "Ha, ha! ye go fast, we faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha, ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these chalets? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door; there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding-sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood, the prime of life, with the blood coursing through every vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful: and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdal rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith, that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart, and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that one at least of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time; no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal re-union in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and seeing the wolves, had burst into terrified crying, but when Ella gently bade him pray to God and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and repeated over and over again his simple prayer, "O Lord Jesus, please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us all get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest; for one great comfort was hers, her best-beloved was safe, and, as she thought, with a thrill of joy that seemed

strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hand. Ella obeyed, the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas' face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then——"

His words were verified; in five minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood, on, on, with increased ardor for the chase. Again was one shot down—again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can," was Andreas' reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky.

We left Hugo at his good Samaritan deed of kindness towards the hawker. The man soon recovered sufficiently to sit up, and give some account of himself. As Andreas Jansen had supposed, he had lost his way travelling from one farm-house to another, and had sunk exhausted into the deep slumber which generally subsides into death. In answer to his inquiries as to how he had been found, he heard about the intended drive to church, and discovered the self-denial Hugo had practised in giving up the expedition to take care of him.

"I owe you thanks, young man; you have preferred remaining with an old pedler in difficulties to accompanying your betrothed. It is a dull exchange."

"Indeed," said Hugo, "I am quite repaid by seeing you all right again. I was afraid, at first, it was all over. What a narrow escape! Another half hour we should have been too late."

"Yes, another lease of life," said the hawker, gravely; "spared a little longer by

the Heavenly Friend who has stood at my side in many dangers during a long life of wandering."

"Let me hear your experiences. How much you must have seen! It will be hours before my friends are back. Talking them over will help while away the time."

The sketch Eric Peterman gave of his life was indeed remarkable. He was one of those pious men not unfrequently met with in Norway, who, while earning their livelihood by hawking, are at the same time humble missionaries, Bible and tract colporteurs, holding prayer-meetings in the villages when they can get a congregation, and in an unobtrusive way often doing a great deal of good. Like most of his brethren he was a man of few advantages of education, but well versed in the Scriptures, and possessing native eloquence, combined with the unflinching attraction of a soul thoroughly in earnest, and ennobled by the pursuit of a lofty and disinterested aim. He had been a disciple of the celebrated Hauge, the John Wesley of the North, and had shared some of his imprisonments at a time when little about religious toleration was known in Norway. Many times he had traversed the country, and even penetrated far into Russian Lapland. One whole winter he had been weather-bound on one of the Loffodens. Strange stories could he tell of perils by land and perils by water, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes from robbers who coveted his pack. The time passed quickly in listening to such narratives; the record of this good man's life was like a living sermon to Hugo, the exposition of Gospel truth in a most inviting form, the example of one who had practised all he taught. After a pause, during which they had been partaking of the contents of Dame Ingeborg's basket, Eric said, rather abruptly.

"By-the-by, I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear-chase a few days back had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo; "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal, no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it

above everything if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off, filled the young man's mind, and after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their position and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed, "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, and ere long heard the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but O, in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"O, tell me what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella, what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rock; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying, he began to arrange faggots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the centre. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on their road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist! I hear the gallop of horses," said Hugo kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to our barrier, it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pine-wood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more faggots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—any thing, every thing—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. O, God! there is a great wolf close upon them—O, I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good Heavens the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl!"

Another second and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the pedler, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame. The exhausted horses had stopped of themselves; the Jansens were beneath the shelter of the chalet, half fainting, scarcely crediting their preser-

vation. As soon as he could speak, the farmer said, in a tremulous tone, "Wife, children, let us thank God;" and kneeling, with the tears rolling down his hardy cheeks, in a few words of heartwarm thankfulness he returned thanks for their deliverance from a bloody death.

It was some time before sufficient composure returned to relate all that had passed, and when that had been done, Andreas said, "Our pastor might well say, 'It shall in no wise lose its reward.' If you"—turning to the pedler—"had not required assistance, if Hugo had not remained, we must all have perished."

The Jansens had to stay in the chalet that night, but when the next morning dawned the wolves had all dispersed, and they reached home with ease and safety. A few days later, Andreas and Hugo had the satisfaction of exhibiting some wolf-skins as trophies of their vanquished enemies.

The story of the memorable sleigh drive to church was ever preserved at Ravensdal, and often told in after years with pious gratitude to awe-struck children and grand children.

THE Emperor Alexander, at his recent visit at Warsaw, has done an act of justice to the memory of one of Poland's greatest poets, which may truly be called an event for that country. All the works of Adam Mickiewicz, as is well known, were hitherto most strictly prohibited throughout Poland and Russia, so much so that even those volumes which had been printed before the Polish-Russian war with the sanction of the authorities, were not allowed to be reprinted, so that they had become as it were, bibliographic curiosities. Regarding the latter works of Mickiewicz, the very possession of them was punished as a crime, and many persons had to languish for years in the dungeons of the Warsaw Citadel, many had to wander to Siberia, for no other reason than for having read the "Thadæus," or the "Dziady" (Walpurgis) of the exiled poet. The Emperor Alexander who, when a child, received instruction in the Polish language from Mickiewicz, living at that time at St. Petersburg, has now, in a rescript addressed to the Director of Public Instruction in Poland M. de Muchanow, ordered the works of the poet to be free for print, and the copyright is to be the sole property of the poet's children, up to their being of age. The German papers report that it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the happy excitement which this news has created at Warsaw. The publisher, Herr Märzbach, has entered at once into negotiation

with the trustees of Mickiewicz's children, offering a sum of 6,000 silver roubles for a first edition, and he is certain to reap a large profit notwithstanding that high figure. The Emperor Alexander, in his letter to M. de Muchanow, represents this proof of liberality (always speaking comparatively), as an act of personal piety to the memory of his late teacher; but the wisest policy could not have advised him better, in order partly to reconcile the hearts of much-tried and much-injured Poland. We only regret to see, by a statement in the French papers, that the Russian Government has refused permission to the daughters of the late poet to return to Poland. The moderation and conciliating views of the now dead minstrel should have earned less cruel treatment for his children.—*Athenæum*.

THE new Berlin edition of the works of Frederick the Great has been brought to a close. This edition has been published in two forms; the one in quarto (of which only two hundred copies have been printed), and the other in octavo. The whole comprises thirty volumes, in five sections, of which seven volumes are dedicated to History, two to Philosophy, five to Poetry, three to Military Science, and twelve to the Correspondence of the King. The last volume contains a chronological catalogue of the works of Frederick, as well as a critical list of the writings attributed to him.—*Athenæum*.

FROM INDIA.

"The blood of thy brother crieth to me from the ground."

O, sons of women, have ye heard it told,
That savage, dismal, miserable tale,
And, sleeping soft thereafter, heard no wail
Through your safe slumbers echoing manifold?—

That wail! O Heaven! What English word
can say

How the blood cries from that unholy
ground!

Heard ye the sound?

Shrieking and sobbing through this summer
day,

Such agony of horror and of fear—

O sons of women, rise and hear!—

As centuries calm have hushed from man's
affrighted ear.

Honor and fame, the triumph of our race,

Ye trumpet tongues of war, sound forth
the call!

O tender Heaven, O friends, if *this* were
all,

And hopeful farewell griefs filled this woe's
place!

Then might we speak and weep, and yet be
calm.

God keep those sons of hope, those heirs of
fame,

God bless each dearest name!

Our very tears would echo like a psalm.

O mother-land, deep-groaning from afar

To where thy slaughtered children are,

This dismal fight of fiends, this carnage is not
war!

Wider than war, more deadly far than death!

O warriors, soldiers, captains, men of
might!

Though yours be still the guidance of the
fight,

The quarrel is of all who draw their breath
From life of women. O, ye mothers' sons!

Rise up and hear the intolerable cry

Rending this purest sky—

Death-groans of all those tortured tender
ones,

Fainting 'mid horrors worse than fire or
knife.

He who stands calm, I swear, and sees this
strife,

Never loved women yet in all his barren life!

O tender blood, loud crying from that shore!

O untold agony, too great for speech!

O perfect death, which no more harm can
reach!

Thank God that never, never, never more

The insulted life can throb within those
veins;

Thank God that no one lives to tell the
tale

That nothing but a wail

Of this, which is unspeakable, remains!

O women slain! Over each tender head,

While men vow vengeance dread,
This comfort sore we take—thank Heaven that
ye are dead!

But if in God's dark maze of providence
Such hour of darkness should appear
again,

O men, if ye be men!

Kiss them, and kill them in their innocence!

Was there not one among your hero band

Who, in the blaze of loud explosion, gave

A young life, true and brave,

To snatch fell weapons from the murderer's
hand?

And dare ye less to save

That sacred nucleus of your race, wherein

As in a shrine your honor makes abode?

O fathers, husbands, brothers, think no sin!

But out of horror, out of agony,

With your swift tender bullets tenderly

Dismiss them to the keeping of their God!

O mother-land, arise! O mothers' sons!

This quarrel bears no prelude of weak
words,

Speak in the flashing of a million swords,

Speak in the thunder of avenging guns!

Speak as loud nature speaks in storm and
flame!

Quick as the sudden breath we draw,

O justice and the law!

Strike as the lightning, swift and sure of
aim!

By every tortured soul, and heart that bled,

By every martyr head,

O justice, born of Heaven, think on the insulted
dead!

Blackwoods' Magazine.

M. O. W. O.

STANZAS.

WHEN the trees were green in summer,
We wandered 'neath their shade;
There gleamed a lovelight in thine eyes
Serious and still, which made
My heart beat loud and fast the while,
Half pleased and half afraid.

The leaves were turning red and sere,
The days were darkening fast,
When the words of love withheld so long
Were whispered forth at last,
And hand in hand, and heart to heart,
You told me of the past.

No leaves are on the forest trees,
But in my heart the while
There is a sunshine calm and glad,
Sweeter than summer's smile,
And that sweet sunshine of thy love
Can every grief beguile.

The flowers will blossom soon again,
The leaves bud forth once more,
Summer shall dawn upon the world
In beauty as before—
And summer in my heart of hearts
Shall bloom for evermore.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

M. E. S.

From The Examiner.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Esq. of Oxford. Edited by Peter Cunningham. Now first chronologically arranged. In eight volumes. Vol. IV. Bentley.

THE fourth volume of this set has just appeared. The letters gain very much in interest by chronological arrangement, and each volume of them seems to be more valuable than its predecessor. In the first volume the number of the new letters was small; now, however, they are becoming numerous. There were a dozen in the third volume, and in the fourth volume there are a dozen and a half. Some of them are brief notes from Horace Walpole to Grosvenor Bedford, his deputy, asking him to act as his almoner in one or two cases that had excited his compassion. One is a note describing the sort of man-servant he wants, and asks his friend to find for him if possible. There are two pleasant letters to the Countess Temple on the subject of her poems, printed in 1764, at Strawberry Hill. This is the first of them:

"[January], 1764.

"Mr. Walpole cannot express how much he is obliged and honored by the trust Lady Temple is so good as to put in him, nor will her Ladyship's modesty let her be a proper judge how great that is. He will say no more but that, more than slight corrections in measure would destroy the chief merit of the poems, which consists in the beautiful ease and negligence of the composition—a merit which correction may take away, but can never bestow. I do real justice to these poems: they should be compared with the first thoughts and sketches of other great poets. Mr. Addison, with infinite labor, accomplished a few fine poems; but what does your Ladyship think were his rough drafts?"

There is a kindly letter written to the Hon. George Grenville, on behalf of Grosvenor Bedford, who was threatened with loss of his place as Collector of the Customs in Philadelphia. There is a letter to the Rev. Thomas Warton, in reply to a question about some historical portraits. There is a long letter from Paris in the Walpole vein of gossip, addressed to James Crawford of Auchinames, whereof we quote the closing paragraph:

"What a volume I have writ! but don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffiniska has received three sumptuous robes of ermine, martens, and Astracan lambs,

the last of which the Czarina had, I suppose, the pleasure of flaying alive herself. O! pour cela oui, says old Brantôme, who always assents. I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not: Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat. Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print, and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holderness! Adieu!

"Yours ever, H. WALPOLE."

We must plunder the book of a fragment from yet one new letter more. Our fragment is, indeed, almost the whole of a note sent to Dr. Joseph Warton, with a copy of the *Castle of Otranto*.

"Arlington street, March 16, 1765.

"Sir,—You have shown so much of what I fear I must call partiality to me, that I could not in conscience send you the trifle that accompanies this till the unbiassed public, who knew not the author, told me that it was not quite unworthy of being offered to you. Still I am not quite sure whether its ambition of copying the manners of an age which you love, may not make you too favorable to it, or whether its awkward imitation of them may not subject it to your censure. In fact, it is but partially an imitation of ancient romances; being rather intended for an attempt to blend the marvellous of old story with the natural of modern novels. This was in great measure the plan of a work, which, to say the truth, was begun without any plan at all. But I will not trouble you, sir, at present with enlarging on my design, which I have fully explained in a preface prepared for a second edition, which the sale of the former makes me in a hurry to send out. I do not doubt, sir, but you have with pleasure looked over more genuine remains of ancient days, the three volumes of old Poems and Ballads; most of them are curious, and some charming. The dissertations, too, I think are sensible, concise, and unaffected. Let me recommend to you also the perusal of the *Life of Petrarch*, of which two large volumes in quarto are already published by the Abbé de Sade, with the promise of a third. Three quartos on Petrarch will not terrify a man of your curiosity, though without omitting the memoirs and anecdotes of Petrarch's age, the most valuable part of the work, they might have been comprised in much less compass: many of the sonnets might have been sunk, and almost all his translations of them.

Though Petrarch appears to have been far from a genius, singly excepting the harmonious beauty of his words, yet one forgives the partiality of a biographer though Monsieur de Sade seems so much enchanted with Petrarch as the age was in which he lived, whilst their ignorance of good authors excuses their bigotry to the restorer of taste. You will not, I believe, be so thoroughly convinced as the biographer seems to be, of the authentic discovery of Laura's body, and the sonnet placed on her bosom. When a lady dies of the plague in the height of its ravages, it is not very probable that her family thought of interring poetry with her, or indeed of any thing but burying her body as quickly as they could: nor is it more likely that a pestilential vault was opened afterwards for that purpose. I have no doubt but that the sonnet was prepared and slipped into the tomb when they were determined to find her corpse."

It is natural enough that the writer of these letters should have cared but little about Petrarch. He was essentially a man of the eighteenth century, and the best Frenchman ever born in England of an English race. He is the only man of his kind we ever had or ever shall have, and even if their badinage grew tiresome, and their wit grew stale (neither of which issues are at all to be expected), the force of their individuality would assure to these letters an abiding place of honor in our literature. All that we here need to say about them is that they never before have appeared in so enjoyable form as in this present edition, wherein they all make their appearance in their proper turn, and tell their story for themselves, a watchful editor explaining only in the fewest necessary words who were the now half-forgotten people named by them, and what was the event, now half-forgotten, which suggested this or that allusion. The chief persons concerned in the correspondence are at the same time made known to us by portraits engraved in the best manner from old paintings, miniatures, and crayon drawings.

Stanford's Special Map of the Revolted Districts of British India, comprising the North-west Provinces, the Punjab, Upper

Bengal and States of Central India, all the Localities of the Sepoy Insurrection, and showing the Lines of Railway, Military, and Post Office Stations, &c. Edward Stanford, 6 Charing Cross.

NOBODY can read the Indian news attentively without a map, and many maps, which are re-issues of old plates, and in which names of places often sought for just now are not to be found, are in the booksellers' windows. The map named at the head of this notice is the one which we think best worth a place upon the reader's table. It is of ample size, though not expensive; it gives all its information very clearly to the eye, and it gives with especial clearness that part of its information which those who consult it will most frequently be seeking.—*Examiner.*

Sketches Critical and Biographic. By Thomas De Quincey. (*Selections Grave and Gay.*) Edinburgh: Hogg and Sons.

THE selections from the writings, published and unpublished, of Thomas De Quincey, though they appear in successive volumes after the manner of a reprint of collected works, are hardly to be classed among reprints. They contain much that is new, and what is old has generally been retouched so carefully, that even if familiar to the reader (as it is not always) in its first shape, it commands a right to second reading. But in truth Mr. De Quincey has written little or nothing that is not worth reading twice. He thinks like a man of genius, and writes with strength. The volume now issued is a book of *Sketches Critical and Biographic*, and its leading topics are Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, and Mr. Forster's life of him, Homer and the *Homeridæ*, and Dr. Parr. There is wit and sense, with a great deal of independent thought, in the treatment of each of these subjects. Especially characteristic, although hardly just, is all that Mr. De Quincey has said of Dr. Parr in the essay upon "Whiggism in its relations to Literature," which is the longest and the cleverest sketch in the volume. It is the one also that best shows Mr. De Quincey's Toryism in the same relations.—*Examiner.*

From The Saturday Review.

LIGHT LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

A PAMPHLET called *Thirty Years of French Literature*, by M. Masson, an assistant master of Harrow, which has been lately brought to our notice, appears to us remarkable enough to demand some attention. M. Masson is a Frenchman, who has, we believe, long been resident in this country, and writes its language with singular force and purity. Some time since, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* offered a prize of £100 for an Essay on the Decay of French Literature during the present century, and, without becoming a candidate for the prize, M. Masson has addressed to his adopted countrymen some remarks upon the recent literary history of their neighbors, which are curious, interesting, and singularly full of knowledge, but which seem to us to take a gloomier view of France and French society than the circumstances call for.

M. Masson's pamphlet deals successively with the poetry, the drama, and the romance of the last two generations; and after going through the land from Dan to Beersheba, he pronounces it a sort of moral wilderness, in which nothing is to be found but a dreary atheistic materialism, haunted rather than varied by all sorts of unreal and sentimental efforts after something better and higher. We do not affect to possess so wide a knowledge of the subject as M. Masson shows; but we would submit to our readers some considerations upon the general subject which seem to us to be deserving of attention, although they are almost, if not altogether, ignored by most of those who express opinions in the present day about the condition of French society. We will confine ourselves to that part of M. Masson's Essay in which he stigmatizes, if not in express words at least by implication, the whole novel literature of France for the last thirty years, as the outward and visible sign of an unutterable corruption, spread through the whole fabric of French society. We cannot by any means agree in so sweeping a censure. It is true that many French writers deserve the severest reprobation that can be applied to them. We could name books, by distinguished writers, which the vilest shop in Holywell-street could not expose for sale without coming under Lord Campbell's late Act. But we do not think that the works of such writers as

Sue, Charles de Bernard, and Balzac, deserve to be described as "slow dissolvents upon the generous feelings of the heart, which leave us unfit to cope with the realities of life." They are certainly not books for women or for children; but to men, and especially to men able to make those allowances and deductions which are necessary in drawing from novels inferences as to life, they may, we think, be neither unneeded nor unimpressive sermons. Most of them, as far as our experience goes, contain scenes which might be wished away, but many of them can, to some extent, and with some reservations, be depended upon as a man's observations upon life addressed to his equals. Before we condemn books for their immorality, we must remember that novels are only possible in a very peculiar state of society, and that if they aim at representing any portion of society as it exists, novelists must, from the nature of the case, confine their representations to a very small section of it. It is only when civilization has made much progress—when a class of persons sufficiently educated, and sufficiently at leisure to use books as toys, has arisen—and when, therefore, there is much luxury, and much idleness—that a novelist can be produced, or that novels could find readers. Such a society as we have described is sure to be in many ways immoral, and it is also sure to invest its immorality with a grace which, no doubt, makes it more dangerous than the coarser vices of simpler times. Is it, then, not to be represented at all? We think it should; and we also think that such representations are far from being calculated to injure those to whom they are addressed—the members, namely, of the society which they describe, or those who are hovering on its outskirts, or who have sufficient connection with it to be able to understand and to sympathize with it. To our perceptions, such books as Balzac's *Scènes de la Vie d'un Célibataire*, or George Sand's *Horace*, are amongst the keenest of all conceivable satires upon the vices of which their authors disapprove; and though the virtues which they praise are flighty and unsteady enough, it would be hard to deny that, so far as they go, they really are virtues.

A novel presupposes a certain degree of experience in its readers. Expunge a few pages of *Gerfaut*, which may be called specifically immoral, and it is hardly possible to

mention a book which, to a pure-minded man, who has seen something of life, would read a more terrible lesson of the danger of giving way to temptations which all men occasionally feel. The story turns, no doubt, upon the violation of the marriage tie, and it is true that M. de Bernard does not moralize upon the sinfulness of breaking the seventh Commandment, but we know of no story which more fearfully illustrates the danger and the misery of a marriage without affection, or which sets the wickedness and the shameful treachery of indulging an unlawful fancy, merely by way of amusement, in a more lurid light. It may be objected that the principle character is a man of great power, who may be called "interesting," and that he is made the object, not of contempt, but of sympathy. Is it, however, the fact that men guilty of such vices are usually weak silly people, and would it be possible to impose upon men who have seen any thing of the world by so shallow an expedient as that of representing them as such in novels?

M. Masson is rather severe upon the principle of *art pour l'art*—of writing, that is, without any specific moral purpose. Surely, in so far as art is regulated by essential and eternal rules, it is its own justification. Art is but a version of life so contrived as to make a deep impression on the imagination. Unless, therefore, life is immoral, art can hardly be so. If, in point of fact, the wicked are not plagued like other men, neither tormented like other men, why should not the novelist say so? If the lessons of history are sometimes stern and hard to read, why should not those of fiction, which is its shadow, be so too? A novelist is no more disrespectful to morality in simply imitating the world as he finds it, than the analyst is disrespectful to geometry in representing the conic sections under algebraical forms. If, indeed, the novelist represents the world as worse than it is, that is a fault of art; and it is the more serious, because it may have bad moral consequences. We do not by any means deny that French writers of fiction have often erred in this matter, or that many of their books are very immoral indeed; but they do seem to us to have kept in view a fact which some of our most popular English novelists appear altogether to forget—the fact that a work of imagination ought to be considered,

not as a child's play-thing, but as a great and serious undertaking, to be executed according to the rules of its own art, and not to be mutilated for the sake of pointing any moral which may strike the fancy of the writer.

We must finally protest against a way of speaking to which M. Masson gives some little countenance, and in which far too many of our own countrymen indulge. We cannot think, and do not believe, that France is utterly corrupt and degraded; and it annoys us to see how frequently Frenchmen of considerable talent and knowledge use language which implies that it is. We honor and love our own country beyond all others in the world, and we see much to dislike, and something to blame, in the French character; but surely it is worse than illiberal to deny that France is one of the very greatest nations that the world ever saw, or that its position in European politics and literature can only be considered as second even to our own by those who enter far more servently into English forms of thought than any but Englishmen ever will. Where there is such vast power, so magnificent a history, such a wonderful accumulation of every gift that can adorn humanity, there must be great virtues. Mere military glory implies a great deal, but there is in France infinitely more than that. There must be a great deal of salt in a society of 35,000,000 souls which is not too corrupt to form a single, orderly, compact, and homogeneous body. We are all brought so near together in these days of railroads, that every member of the great European republic affects every other. England is certainly not very corrupt nor utterly effete, and if she is not, we may be sure that there must be a great deal of good in those with whom our intercourse is so constant and familiar. It would be to us the saddest thing in the world to be forced to think very ill of the social condition of such near neighbors and close allies; and we do not see that French light literature by any means obliges us to do so. Our views of morals may be widely different from theirs, and our practice may or may not be better, but we firmly believe that the principle difference between the novelists of the two countries is, that in France they address the most plain-spoken, and in England the most reserved, of modern nations.

From The Examiner.

Hydrophaty; or The Natural System of Medical Treatment. By Edward W. Lane, M.A. M.D., Edinburgh. Churchill, New Burlington Street.

THIS is by far the clearest and most rational exposition that has yet been given to the English public of the principles of the method of medical treatment which owes its origin to Vincent Priessnitz, the peasant of Silesia. Hydrophaty, as unfolded by Dr. Lane, in the luminous and able essay before us, is unquestionably placed far beyond the reach of the ridicule which has so often assailed it; it is impossible with any regard to truth to impute quackery to the system as it is here developed and explained; whether the faith be true or not is for physicians, not for us, to determine, but assuredly it wears an aspect of harmony with nature and experience, which is no small recommendation of any theory. It is certainly not difficult to believe in the healing virtue of water, air, exercise, and diet, judiciously combined and systematically applied to the relief of a multitude of bodily derangements, especially those of a chronic nature. The founder of the system undoubtedly made a great mistake, but a common one in the history of science, in the name with which he baptized it. Doctor Lane begins by pointing out how very inadequately the term Hydrophaty, or that of the Water-Cure, describes a process in which water is only one of several elements on the united efficacy of which the practitioner relies—

"Stumbling at the very threshold, Priessnitz called the new system 'The Water Cure,' wrongly and unphilosophically, but yet accountably enough. Undoubtedly the main ideas associated with the new treatment appeared to centre round the systematic use of water, administered, internally and externally, in such manner and quantity as had never been dreamt of before. Water was thought to take the place, and stand in complete lieu, of the old drug medication, which it supplanted. And, in a certain measure, this was true; but it never would have occurred to any physiologist to give the whole of this credit to the one element of water alone, passing over the equally important agents of air, exercise, and diet for the body, and healthy moral influences for the mind, the whole of which, combined, go to constitute the means whereby what is termed Hydrophaty really works its cures; while they also constitute the true characteristic difference between the old system of medical

treatment and the new—between the artificial and too often empirical treatment by drugs, and the simpler methods, more conformable to nature herself, to preserve the human being in health in the first place, as well as to restore him when he has fallen away from the observance of the natural laws."

To this unfortunate error in nomenclature Doctor Lane ascribes much of the erroneous opinions prevalent as to hydropathic institutions, and the common ludicrous notions of the system, of which he gives the following humorous description:

"It falls to my lot, of course, nearly every day, to witness the general idea entertained by a very large portion of the public in regard to the nature of the water-cure, and the establishments where it is practised. It amounts to something like this. To the general mind, a water-cure establishment is a country retreat for patients, where a kind of merry inquisition goes on from morning to night, a jocular torture in sport. The patients are pictured as everlastingly jibbering in cold and wet sheets, in a state, it must be presumed, of the highest discomfort, to say the least, and only tolerable to poor deluded folks who have well nigh parted with their senses; while the end of all is the aggravation of their several complaints, accompanied, in the imagination, with pet-cases of sudden death and horrors unimaginable."

After dwelling upon the immense importance of physiology as the basis of all true medical science, the learned writer proceeds to tell us what the hydropathic method of cure really is, in the scientific or physiological view of it. In quoting the following passage, however, we would guard ourselves against being supposed to agree with Doctor Lane that Priessnitz was the first who made the study of physiology the basis of medical treatment.

"Hydrophaty, then, is a system of therapeutics based on a practical recognition and systematic carrying out of the organic laws of health, as these are developed and explained by physiological science. I have already said that it required an advanced state of scientific enlightenment before men could think of building up a system of medicine on a physiological groundwork. First of all, physiology did not exist, and then it would have been too simple, too easily understood, to suit the minds of those who then directed the course of medicine. At length hydrophaty came into being, and, by the practical sagacity and energy of Priessnitz, was made that grand discovery, the greatest, in my opinion, ever

made in practical therapeutics, that chronic disease is, in most cases, treated successfully by the self-same means, systematically and perseveringly applied, which are allowed on all hands to be necessary for the preservation of health. Is this not a principle which appears at least natural and probable—and have we not at length got hold of something like a guiding rule, a compass to steer by in a sea of perplexity? Now, the means necessary to the preservation of health—need I recapitulate them?—air, exercise, water, diet, healthy mental and moral influences—that is the sum of the whole. Will any one be startled to hear that in the combined and systematic application of all these means together reside the philosophy and the practice of what is termed hydropathy. Such, however, is absolutely the case. I use the term ‘systematic application,’ be it observed, emphatically, because here is precisely the point of demarcation between general hygiene, by the observance of which we seek to maintain the body in health, and hydropathy, or the *natural means of medical treatment*, by which we profess to cure it when under disease. It is precisely in this systematic and regulated application of the natural agents of health that resides the distinguishing feature of hydropathy, that which elevates it into a scientific system of therapeutics.”

And again, in the following striking passage, we find the same views powerfully enforced:

“I have thus endeavored to explain, as shortly as possible, the simple philosophy of hydropathy. I have indicated its various appliances and their several uses, and I have sought to impress the reader with my own strong conviction as to its efficacy and its general applicability. Do I, then, regard it as a panacea, an infallible specific for all curable diseases? It would be folly to sup-

pose it. Without entering into a discussion on the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of specifics, as entertained by one large class of practitioners, I may simply state that hydropathy rests on a totally different conception of the philosophy of the cure of disease. Its standpoint is unconnected with any such notion. Its rationale is based on one broad and distinctively characteristic idea, to wit, that nature possesses within herself, in the original construction of the living organism, her own means of restoration, when that organism is overtaken by disease; that she is constantly endeavoring to work out her own cure; that she frequently succeeds in her efforts without any external assistance whatever; and when her powers are not sufficient to this end, and the aid of art is to be invoked, that aid must be founded on a consideration of the primary laws of health as unfolded by physiology, and a main reliance reposed on a systematic application of them in the cure of disease. In a word, hydropathy is grounded, as a system of therapeutics, on the belief that the mass of chronic diseases are most effectually and most safely cured, as I have more than once stated already, by the identical means, infinitely modified of course, according to circumstances, that are requisite for maintaining the animal economy in health. Its reliance is on the natural agencies of health. Its cardinal medicines are the apparently simple medicaments of air, exercise, water, and diet, which along with healthy moral influences, compose its not very extended pharmacopœia.”

To all who desire to know what hydropathy really is, as professed and practised by a man of sense and a man of science, who advocates vapor-baths without vaporizing and is temperate even in his encomiums on cold water, we strongly recommend Doctor Lane's well-written little book.

IN another month Cagliari, Malta, Jorfu, and the principal Mediterranean stations, will be in connexion,—582 miles, or somewhat more than half the length of the cable, having been completed, and satisfactorily tested, by Messrs. Newall, the contractors. The cable, we learn, consists of a single conducting wire, with an outer protective sheath of iron wire; but the outer wires, unlike those of the Atlantic cable, are not subdivided into a number of small filaments, but each strand is a solid mass and distinct in itself. With favorable weather, the connexion, it is hoped, will hold by the end of October.—*Athenæum*.

WE are to have a “Dance of Death!” In consequence of the unspeakable horrors of this year's Indian history, because of the atrocities inflicted on women and children,—because of revolt, rapine, violation, massacre,—a grand *fete* has been announced as about to take place in London! “for the benefit of the sufferers.” What sympathizers are those who must rattle through a *Julien Quadrille of All Nations*, or whirl to Miss Gilbert's *Vandyke Polka*, or have some violent enjoyment or another, before they can look melancholy and carry their alms to the Indian fund!—*Athenæum*.

From The National Magazine.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.

IN every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthly ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley of the Banksides, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, enclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness personified, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was sat down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that "I was such a quiet prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Everytime I went she gave me an old brocade-satin bag filled with ends of worsted and silk for tapestry-work; these she bade me sort out into packets according to color; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as

a handsome Crusader in scale-armor, standing on a prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlor never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats and gray,—and they did spit sometimes! The wainscot was painted drab; the straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Wood-pecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air—I should say she was proud, and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely, old lady was as

follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three mad-cap girls, her neices, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threesome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primmy old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Lettie, the youngest—lit upon a sacque of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sacque, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

"In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sacque, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider

a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clue for it,—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before: but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life and love and hope, that we were loth to put it away amongst the things of the past,—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage amongst the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"O, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you live yet in a green old age together amongst those wild bleak hills."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army of Flanders; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other;

it was very short, written on the eve of battle and it was the last.

"O, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name,— 'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together,—"who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "O, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas' 'faithful heart,' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and O, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sash. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley

looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came amongst us, and looked over Minta's shoulder as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story,—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"O, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

SALVANDI has made a "hit" by his performance of Othello, in Paris. In the last scene, he did not stab himself,—indeed he could not very well do so, as he wore a curved dagger. This, however, he drew across his throat,—and the public looked rather astonished.—*Athenæum*.

At the little Sunday balls, of about 160 persons, given at Biarritz by the Empress Eugénie, Her Majesty has introduced with immense success our old country-dance "Sir Roger de Coverley."—*Athenæum*.

THE King of Wurtemberg, says the *Courrier de Paris*, lived in very citizen-like style at Biarritz, under the name of the Vicomte de Teck. He bathed with the other bathers like a common mortal. The Commissary of Police whose duty it was to inscribe the names of the bathers in his book, thus filled up the blanks in his printed register:—"Christian and Surname," *Count de Teck*; "Profession," *King*; "Whence coming," *Wurtemberg*; "Motive for Travelling," *Health and Pleasure*.—*Athenæum*.

From The Literary Gazette.

Les Nièces de Mazarin, Etudes de Mœurs et de Caractères au xvii^e Siècle. Par Amédée Renée. Firmin Didot, Frères.

THE publishing, like the parliamentary and social London seasons, is at its last gasp. The siege which authors have been laying for the last six months to the brains and pockets of the reading public, is on the point of being raised. Both parties are tired out. Battery after battery has been silenced, and the literary *fu d'enfer* with which we have till now been deafened, is reduced to a lazy dropping fire of pamphlets and translations. Novels, poetry, history, are at a discount, and nothing is inquired for but "Murray's Handbooks." London is, in fact, going abroad. John Bull is deserting his roast beef and port wine for French kickshaws and *vin ordinaire*, his good solid smoke-fog for the laughing-gas atmosphere of Paris and Florence. Shall the critic alone be insensible to the influences of the season? Shall he not, too, for a while, bid adieu to the dingy red-brick walls, the hot carpeted floors, the tea-table with its hissing urn, and all the dull conventionalisms of English life, and, like the rest of the world gladden his eyes with a sight of the boulevards, the Louvre, the Corso, and the Drachenfels, lounge away the morning in the Tuilleries gardens, slide about the polished parquets, and laugh at the sprightly talk and the subtle *bon-mots* of France and Italy? Literature has its climates as well as its physical nature. The season is not suited to the meridian of London—let us seek for life and variety among our lively neighbors.

M. Amédée Renée's memoirs of Mazarin's nieces has all the advantage of novelty to English readers, and brings before them the manners of two countries, France and Italy, at once. It is a collection of biographical sketches of the beautiful and clever nieces whom Mazarin brought from their native Italy to strengthen his interests by alliances with the first houses of France. To the fiery passions of the south these extraordinary women added all the freedom, the *esprit*, the cultivation of France, and the result was such a combination of combustible qualities, as produced many a conflagration in the European world, and now affords ample materials for a very amusing book.

It opens with a brief account of the rise of

the great Cardinal, whose origin was so obscure that his father's country and occupation are still involved in doubt, who lived notwithstanding to govern France with despotic power, and who mingled his blood with the princely houses of Este, Stuart, Vendôme, Conti, Bouillon, and Soissons. Mean as was his birth, De Retz and the *Frondeurs* have, by their pasquinades, succeeded in making it appear still more ignoble. According to them, his father was a hatter and button-maker of Palermo, who, having become bankrupt in his native town, was obliged to fly, and settled at Rome. There the young Giuglio, his son, entered the service of the Constable Colonna. From thence the youthful adventurer is alleged to have passed into that of the Cardinal Antonio Barberini, and to have become the minister of the infamous pleasures of the Court of Rome. His subsequent career as a soldier, an ecclesiastic, and a statesman, is attacked by his detractors, the *Frondeurs*, in a style of indecent and savage hatred which defeats its object.

A manuscript, recently discovered in the Royal Library at Turin, appears to be more worthy of credit than these political satires. According to this curious document, Pietro, the father of the Cardinal, was born in the town of Mazarino, from whence he took his name. From his native town he removed to Rome to seek his fortune, and became chamberlain to the Constable Colonna, who married him to a young lady of good family, and made him steward of his estates. The future greatness of Giuglio, the son of this marriage, was supposed to be made known to his parents by his coming into the world *coiffé*, that is to say with a caul. The superstitious idea that this betokens good fortune is still prevalent even in England. The Jesuits were his early instructors; and at five years old he is said to have been able to recite from memory the short sermons which he had heard in the Church of the Oratorian fathers. The Jesuits desired to enlist him in their society; but in his youth his tastes were anything but ecclesiastical.

His first essay in life was a voyage to Spain in the household of the Abbé, afterwards the Cardinal Colonna. In this mission he was distinguished for nothing but his taste for gambling and gallantry. It was at this time, that having lost all his money, h

uttered a sentiment which England might adopt as her national motto:—"Oh! le sot animal qu'un homme sans argent!"

On returning to Rome, having had enough of play, as it appears, in Spain, he pursued his studies with great diligence under the Jesuits; but the next we hear of him is as a Captain-Lieutenant of the regiment of the Colonnas. A single campaign cured him of his military ardor. "Si le capitaine Mazarin n'avait pas eu cette occasion de guerroyer, peut-être fut-il resté militaire toute sa vie. Mais il eut la chance de voir l'ennemi, et, grace à cela, il devint cardinal."

In the wars between the French and the Spanish in Italy, the young captain showed a greater talent for negotiation than for war, and obtained for the French, whom the Pope favored, an advantageous peace. And then the tide of ecclesiastical favor and wealth flowed in upon him strong and fast. He was now able to marry his sisters creditably. The elder became the wife of Girolamo Martinozzi; the younger, of Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman baron. From these two marriages sprung the subjects of M. Renée's memoirs.

Mazarin was now named Nuncio extraordinary to the Court of France; and from this time forward his life is the history of France. On the death of Richelieu, he succeeded to that minister's power, and became the confidential friend and adviser of the Regent, Anne, of Austria. That the relations between her and the Cardinal were of the tenderest description, her letters, which are preserved, leave no doubt. It is said, indeed that the Cardinal and the Dowager Queen were married, and there is nothing impossible, or even improbable, in this supposition. Mazarin was not a priest, he was a cardinal-deacon. And though it is contrary to traditional usage for any cardinal to marry, there is, M. Renée informs us, nothing fundamentally repugnant to the discipline of the Roman-catholic church, in the marriage of one who has not actually been consecrated a priest.

Thus firmly established in France, the Cardinal determined still further to consolidate his power by allying his family with the chief houses of the realm. With this view he sent to Rome for his nieces and nephews, the Martinozzi and Mancini. On their arrival, while yet children, they were treated as if they had been members of the

Royal family. They were consigned to the care of the Marquise de Sénecté, who had been *gouvernante* to the King, and their establishments were on the footing of those of princesses of the blood. Their uncle took especial care that they should be brought up religiously; but Laura Mancini, Anna Maria Martinozzi, and Laura Martinozzi, were the only ones of the family who, in after life, did any credit to their religious teachers.

Scarcely had the Cardinal's nieces reached a marriageable age when they became the objects of many a matrimonial and political intrigue. Laura Mancini was the first to marry. Her uncle chose for her the Duc de Mercœur, the grandson of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées. He was a quiet, religious, amiable man, but was not, apparently, without spirit; for, having been engaged to Laura during her uncle's prosperity, he fulfilled his engagement during the Cardinal's temporary exile by the Fronde, notwithstanding the ridicule and the persuasions with which his friends plied him. The Duchesse de Mercœur had three sons, of whom the eldest was the celebrated Vendôme, the conqueror of Luzzara. Soon after her accouchement of the third, fever supervened, and carried her off. The recently published *Mémoires* of Daniel de Cosnac, Archbishop of Aix, give a highly characteristic account of her death. She was gentle, resigned, and devout; but even after she had lost the power of speech, the sense of the ridiculous, which always seems to intrude itself at the most inopportune times, was strong within her. She had told the Archbishop, before she was taken ill, that she felt a presentiment that she should die; and added, that she was sure she should laugh when she saw the face that Madame de Venelle, her lady of honor, who was much attached to her, would make on the occasion. The Archbishop proceeds to describe the scene that actually took place:—

"Le Cardinal lui vint donner lui-même les sacrements. Elle paroissoit si belle en ce triste état qu'on ne pouvait s'imaginer qu'elle dût si tôt mourir. Elle aperçut, au pied de son lit, Madame de Venelle qui pleuroit. La princesse prit garde à sa grimace; elle me chercha des yeux, et quand elle eut rencontré les miens, elle les conduisit sur le visage de Madame de Venelle, se mettant à sourire, en se ressouvénant sans doute de ce qu'elle m'avait dit le jour auparavant."

The Duke her husband was tenderly at-

tached to her, and on her death shut himself up for several days in a convent of capuchins. Finally, after having made a campaign in Catalonia, he took orders, and died a cardinal.

Anna Maria Martinozzi became the Princess de Conti, and was still more celebrated for her piety than her cousin. Nevertheless, her virtue was put to severe proof. Amongst her ardent admirers was the youthful Louis XIV. himself; but she and her husband soon retired to their government of Guienne, and gave themselves up to penitence and devotion. The prince made a public satisfaction for the scandals of which he had been guilty, and wrote a book against the theatre, upon which Voltaire observes:—"Il eût bien mieux fait d'en faire un contre la guerre civile." He died young; and his widow contracted the closest intimacy with Madame de Longueville. Madame de Sevigné called them *les mères de l'église*. Her eldest son was the brilliant Prince de Conti, who was elected King of Poland, and of whom St. Simon says that he was "les constantes délices du monde, de la cour et des armées, la divinité du peuple, l'idole des soldats."

The *Frondeurs* had celebrated the Cardinal's nieces as—

"Les Mancini, les Martinosses,
Illustres matières de noces!"

Laura Martinozzi became, in fact, the "material" of a very splendid alliance. Alphonse, Duke of Modena, married, without having seen her. Her husband died early of the gout, and she found herself regent for her son. Her daughter, Marie Beatrice, was married to James Duke of York, and in due time became Queen of England, but only to return to the land of her adoption disinherited. The young duke was weakly in mind and body, and the duchess, disappointed in her hopes, retired to Rome, where she devoted herself to works of charity till her death.

The succeeding nieces are of a very different morality. Olympia Mancini fell to the lot of the Duc de Soissons. In her early youth she was the constant companion of the King, and it was even thought that he would marry her. She was associated with all his amusements. She it was who first initiated him in a love for ballets and operas. But happily for Louis XIV. he escaped. After her marriage with the Duc de Soissons,

Olympia was all her life engaged in the most scandalous intrigues.

In common with her sister, the Duchesse de Bouillon, she was accused of consulting the notorious witch and poisoner, La Voisin, and of hastening her husband's death. So powerful were her enemies at court, that she felt that her only safety lay in flight; and she who had once aspired to the throne died a fugitive and an exile. That she was treated with undue severity there can be little doubt. But she lived to see herself well avenged.

Her youngest son, Eugène Maurice, was deformed, and was therefore designed for the church; but his genius was not theological. He took minor orders, indeed, and was provided with three rich abbeys; but military life was more to his taste, and he asked for service under the king. Louvois, the minister, who hated his mother, refused him, and the Abbé, in company with the princes of Conti, determined to make a campaign against the Turks on his own account. This did not much please the king, who recalled them. All obeyed but Eugene, who replied that thenceforward he renounced France. "Ne trouvez vous pas que j'ai fait là une grande perte?" said the king, laughing. But Eugene was, indeed, a great and irreparable loss to him and to France. The little deformed Abbé was that Prince Eugene who contributed so materially to the disgraces of Louis' latter years. With him Louis might have died the arbiter of Europe; without him the coalition would scarcely have survived the death of William the Third.

Of the numerous lovers of the Duchesse de Soissons the Duc de Vardes was the most favored. The following anecdote gives a curious picture of the times. He had been exiled from court for some more than usually infamous intrigue, and was not recalled for twenty years. Meantime he had been amusing himself much as usual in the provinces. Madame de Sevigné describes the meeting of the grand monarque and the courtier:—

"Il arriva à Versailles, et mit un genou à terre dans la chambre du roi; il pleura ses plus belles larmes. Mais un fou rire éclata à son aspect: cet arbitre des anciennes élégances avait conservé tout le costume de son temps. C'était le roi de la mode; mais, frappé de la baguette des fées, il avait dormi vingt ans. Cet homme admirable fit donc tout d'abord l'effet d'un revenant. Il arriva, comme dit si

bien son amie, avec une tête unique en son espèce, et un vieux justaucorps à brevet, comme on en portait en l'an 1663. Oui, il y avait de cela vingt ans; cette mode ne se voyait plus que dans les portraits de famille. Le roi lui-même ne put garder son sérieux, et se prit à rire en le voyant. 'Ah! Sire, s'écria de Vardes, dont l'esprit était toujours de mode, quand on est assez misérable pour être éloigné de vous, on n'est pas seulement mal heureux, on est ridicule.' Le roi fit appeler le Dauphin, et le présenta à Vardes comme un jeune courtisan; Vardes le reconnut et le salua. Le roi lui dit en riant:—'Vardes, voilà une sottise; vous savez bien qu'on ne salue personne devant moi.' M. de Vardes, du même ton: 'Sire, je ne sais plus rien, j'ai tout oublié; il faut que votre Majesté me pardonne jusqu'à trente sottises.' 'Eh, bien! je le veux,' dit le roi; 'reste à vingt-neuf. . . .' De Vardes, toujours de Vardes, c'est l'évangile du jour."

Of all the nieces of Mazarin, Marie Mancini was the cleverest and most spirited. There is some disagreement in the contemporary accounts of her appearance. She is described by Madame de Motteville as being, when she first left the convent where she was educated, tall, thin, yellow and awkward; but she must have greatly changed as she grew up, for no woman was ever more admired. She was perfectly well read in polite literature, and passionately fond of the poetry of her native Italy. The king fell desperately in love with her, and she used her influence over him to inspire him with her own love for letters, and with a salutary ambition to excel, not only in rank, but in the art of governing a great people. Without her lessons he might have been a Louis XV. There seemed to be nothing between her and the throne. But an obstacle arose where it would have been least expected. Her uncle was jealous of her influence, which, he believed, might become dangerous to his own. Or, as some suppose, he opposed from a disinterested sentiment of patriotism, a union which, however honorable to his family, was not, as he believed, for the interest of the state. His letters to the king, dissuading him from marrying the beautiful and cultivated Marie, are still extant, and breathe a noble spirit of candid and unselfish solicitude for the public good. If Mazarin was not sincere, he was certainly a fine actor. She was finally married to the Constable Colonna, and after suffering much from his ill-temper and jealousy, retaliating by every species of

intrigue, and running away from Italy in man's clothes, Marie was confined in a convent, where she amused herself by playing tricks upon the nuns. On one occasion she burst into the dormitory where they were all asleep, accompanied by a number of hounds, and crying *tayaut, tayaut!* as if the game was just breaking cover, for we conclude that *tayaut* is the origin of our tallyho. The rest of her life was spent in different convents, and nothing is known of her end.

The career of her sister Hortense very much resembled hers. Amongst her numerous suitors were Charles the Second, then in exile, the Crown Prince of Portugal, and the Duke of Savoy. But after much hesitation, her uncle, who now felt his end approaching, determined to bestow her upon the man whom he intended to make his heir. This was the Duc de la Meilleraye, a person not remarkable for anything. He was obliged to take the name and arms of Mazarin, and Hortense is known in history as the Duchesse de Mazarin. The nieces of Mazarin were not fortunate in their husbands. The Duke appears to have been ridiculously scrupulous, and to have subjected his handsome wife to a degree of restraint which must have been utterly distasteful to her. He had a passion for regulating the conduct of his household in the most minute particulars:—

"On nous raconte de lui des choses qui passent l'imagination: il ent était venu à défendre aux filles de traire les vaches, dans l'intérêt de leur chasteté, et aux nourrices de donner à têter aux enfants le vendredi et le samedi. Il avait la passion des reglements; il en fit un entre autres, et des plus burlesques, pour déterminer les règles de décence à observer, en certains cas, par les garçons apothicaires."

Like her sister Marie, Hortense, too, was imprisoned in a convent. She finally obtained her liberty, however, and passed over into England where she was courted by all the wits and men of letters, and even endangered the reign of Querouailles. Amongst the attendants at her court was La Fontaine. After the revolution, William the Third allowed her a pension, and she lived in literary and epicurean ease, surrounded by wits, at Chelsea, where she died in 1699. On this melancholy occasion her intimate St. Evremont writes to a friend:

"C'a été la plus belle femme du monde, mon ami, et sa beauté a conservé son éclat

jusqu'au dernier moment de sa vie. C'a été la plus grande héritière de l'Europe; sa mauvaise fortune l'a réduite à n'avoir rien, et magnifique sans biens, elle a vécu plus honorablement que les plus opulents ne sauraient faire. Elle est morte sérieusement avec une indifférence chrétienne pour la vie."

Marie-Anne Mancini, the youngest of the nieces, was the pet of the French court and of her uncle, who took great pleasure in quizzing her when she was a mere child. The following joke gives a curious idea of the morals of the court:

[We cannot print, even in French, a practical joke played off by the Cardinal, assisted by the Queen, upon his niece—and yet nothing would throw more light upon the French manners at that time.]

No wonder that after such an education the nieces of Mazarin should have brought misery into the families which they entered. Yet of all the nieces, except the first three, Marie-Anne appears to have been the least scandalous in her life. It is true she was with her sister, the Duchesse de Soissons, in the affair with La Voisin; but no one believed that it was any thing but a piece of girlish curiosity. When asked by La Reynée, one of the Counsellors of State, whether, in her

magical conjurations, she had not seen the devil, she replied to him:—"Je le vois en ce moment; il est laid, vieux, et déguisé en conseiller d'état." She continued to reign as queen of fashion in Paris till her death in 1714, after having visited Italy and England, and enchanted all societies in which she appeared by her beauty, her talents, and her spirit.

We cannot conclude our notice of this very entertaining volume better than by quoting the paragraph in which the author reviews the fortunes of the family of the great Cardinal:

"Cette dynastie des Mancini, qui s'épanouit un matin si brillant, eut un déclin singulièrement rapide. Le sang de Mazarin ne porta point bonheur à ces races illustres auxquelles il s'était mêlée; la maison d'Este, les Sturarts, les Vendôme, les Conti, les Bouillon, les Soissons s'éteignèrent. Ce sang ardent de l'Italie y donna naissance à des héros, mais la flamme se consuma vite. Ce fut surtout par l'intelligence que les Mancini brillèrent; le duc de Nevers et ses sœurs mentaient, sous ce rapport, un regard de l'histoire; les Vendôme le Prince Eugène, le duc de Nivernois leurs enfants, reçurent aussi cet heureux héritage, et mêlèrent à leur vie politique ou guerrière le goût persistant de l'esprit et des beaux arts."

How to EAT WISELY.—Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: "1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body gradually, and by safe

degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known." No reader will require to be advised a second time who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily and under bodily exhaustion, is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be blest re-union, by sullen silence, or impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful, pestilent lout that you are!—There was a grand and good philosophy in the old time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner-table.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From The National Magazine.
THE WEDDING-BREAKFAST.
A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

I.

MR. ARCHIBALD FREEMANTLE was a fashionable bachelor of uncertain age. As a stock and share broker he had made some lucky hits, and though one of the *dilettanti* in Pall Mall, he was a clever and shrewd man of business in Capel Court. Why he had so long remained a unit in the great sum of society had puzzled many contemplative mammas; for his manners were most winning, and his banker's book quite satisfactory. The truth is that Mr. Freemantle had raised for himself a high standard of female perfectibility. He contended that without mutual admiration no happy union could exist,—that the drama of married life should be written, not in blank verse, but in rhymed couplets. At one time he flattered himself that he had found this marvel of her sex in Zenobia, the only child of his esteemed friend Spicer, a substantial wholesale tea-dealer. She had fine, large, speaking eyes; a pale forehead and raven tresses; and she wrote sweet letters to her married cousins, describing scenes of imaginary domestic bliss, and pointing out to them the most efficient mode to render affection permanent and make home happy. Still, in Mr. Freemantle's critical opinion, she was not *all* that woman might be. She had one misfortune and one fault. She was a little over two-and-thirty, and she could not listen so well as she could talk.

Although Mr. Freemantle knew that his friend Spicer had long desired to bring about a matrimonial union between his daughter Zenobia and his ward Harry Lightfoot, he was scarcely prepared for the intelligence when it reached him in the shape of an invitation to the wedding-breakfast. Lightfoot he felt was not by any means suited to an ethereal-minded creature like Zenobia Spicer. He could not appreciate her aspirations; he could not understand even the forms of speech in which they were conveyed. He was by temperament too mercurial, by taste and habit too nomadic, to doat upon Zenobia as such a woman desired and deserved to be doated on. It is true that by his father's will, of which Mr. Spicer was the sole surviving trustee, young Lightfoot was entitled to ten thousand pounds stock on his attaining twenty-five;

but was it possible that Zenobia, with her lofty mind and competent figure, had been caught in a shower of gold? Had she been fascinated by a suitor's Long Annuities, and could she stoop so low as to be influenced in her choice by the Reduced? Alas, Mr. Freemantle was grieved to confess that woman's love, like a Paddington omnibus, too often went no farther than the Bank.

On his arrival at the suburban residence of Mr. Spicer he found the wedding-guests assembled in the drawing-room, the high contracting parties being about to execute that awful document the marriage-settlement. The bride, in her dress of tulle and crowned with orange-blossoms, sat on the blue embroidered sofa with her bridesmaids—Fanny Meadows, a pretty dimple-cheeked country coquette, and Agnes Homewood, a lovely girl with soft gazelle-like eyes, whose intended, Lieutenant Shipton, R.N., was out in the Black-Sea fleet. It was rumored—and we see no reason to doubt it—that since the lieutenant's departure from England young Agnes had received eleven offers from personal friends of the lieutenant, all of whom were so proud of his naval fame that they would have rejoiced to hear of his dying nobly in defence of his country.

Mr. Spicer having duly executed the settlement with all becoming formality, Zenobia approached the table, and delineated her name in tremulous characters, betraying the mental agitation which imminent matrimony is calculated to excite. Mr. Harry Lightfoot was then motioned by the foxy-visaged little lawyer (Argus Tape, of Dove's Inn) to affix his signature, which he did with most improper irreverence; burlesquing the usual formulary by putting his finger on the seal, and saying in a comic voice, "I deliver this as my act *indeed*."

The trustees,—Captain Bangham of the Royal Artillery Company, an eminent brass-founder; and Mr. Pye, a small but very old friend of the family,—then supplied their autographs; and Mr. Spicer having handed the bridegroom bank-notes for £200., the foundation-stone of the temple of Hymen might be considered as laid.

"Where do you think of spending your honeymoon?" said Mr. Pye, as Lightfoot stood at the bay-window coolly paring his nails. "At the Isle of Wight?"

"The Isle of Dogs!" replied Mr. Lightfoot

contemptuously. "Do you think," he continued, "that I'm going to bury myself alive?"

"But you won't be buried alone," observed Mr. Pye, with a suggestive smile; "you'll have Zenobia—eh?"

The bridegroom, instead of being consoled by this reflection, seemed irritated by some fine particles of sand on his coat-sleeve, which he blew off with an expression of ferocity.

"Are you married?" he demanded, turning sharply upon Mr. Pye.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Pye, modestly; "business has been rather indifferent of late."

"What is your business?"

"Pye Brothers, outfitters," returned the trustee. "We're the patentees of the 'Nurse's Friend and Mother's Consolation, the patent Self-supporting Baby's Sock.' If you should want any thing in our way—"

Lightfoot was again irritated by another fortuitous concourse of atoms upon his lapel, and which he removed with greater alacrity than before.

"I wonder whether they've got any soda-water below," he said, shutting up his pen-knife. "I dined at Richmond yesterday, and took too much salmon." And with this remark, and without even glancing at Zenobia, he left the room.

"Singular young man," said Mr. Pye, addressing Captain Bangham, whose florid complexion, proud carriage, and corpulent person would have done honor to any company, civil or military.

"A puppy, sir," exclaimed the captain. "He should be taught, sir, how to behave himself before he married a daughter of mine."

"It's a melancholy case of infatuation," observed Mr. Freemantle, with a half-suppressed sigh. "Poor Zenobia!"

"There seems to be a good deal of brass about him," said Mr. Pye, regarding the captain, as he always did, with an air of deference.

Captain Bangham—who detested any allusion to the metal in which he wrought, and by which his fortune if not his renown, had been acquired—was about to explode with some fierce sarcasm, for which the unhappy Pye, now convinced of his indiscretion, was fully prepared, when a sound like the shooting of coals, accompanied by a violent female

shriek, struck all parties present with astonishment and dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Spicer, "somebody has fallen down-stairs."

Gentlemen and ladies, as by one impulse, rushed to the stair-head, when—how shall we describe their emotions on perceiving in the hall below the prostrate form of Mr. Harry Lightfoot, and beside him a scuttle of coals, the innocent cause of his disaster?

On raising the sufferer, it was found that he had sustained a dislocation or sprain,—he scarcely knew which,—not less painful than inconvenient. He, however, obstinately refused to have medical assistance, although he confessed that his accident was "no joke," and that as for walking, you might as well expect him to fly.

Here was the hymeneal chariot brought to a dead-lock.

Leaving the patient on a couch in the library, under care of those sweet soothers Fanny Meadows and Agnes Homewood (the bride, it is presumed, had retired to her chamber to enjoy the luxury of weeping alone), Mr. Spicer and his friends in the drawing-room held a consultation as to what steps should be taken to enable the bridegroom elect to carry out his engagement under existing circumstances.

"I fancy," said Mr. Freemantle, tickling his nose with a pinch of scented snuff, "that it must be put off."

"Put off," exclaimed Mr. Spicer with alarm, "when the settlement is executed, and—and he has got my two hundred pounds for his wedding-trip."

"But how can he walk, my dear sir, from the church-door to the altar?" said Mr. Freemantle.

"Couldn't he be carried on a chair?" suggested Mr. Pye coaxingly.

"Carried on a donkey," ejaculated Captain Bangham with a scornful laugh.

"A sedan chair, of course," observed Mr. Freemantle, tickling his nose with another little pinch.

"It might be done," said Mr. Spicer, looking inquiringly at his friends in council.

"My dear sir," rejoined Mr. Freemantle, with impressive solemnity, "you surely forget that the bridegroom must stand while he makes his responses."

"Let him stand on his head," grumbled Bangham, "if he can't stand on his feet."

Mr. Spicer looked very angrily indeed at the brass-founder, but made no reply; and retired to ascertain whether any improvement had taken place in his expectant son-in-law.

"How is he going on?" demanded Freemantle and Pye, as the bewildered parent reappeared with mystery and gloom strongly imprinted on his brow.

"Freemantle—" said the father of Zenobia.

"My dear sir," replied the Adonis of Capel Court.

"That coal-scuttle was placed there purposely," said Mr. Spicer, fanning himself with his handkerchief.

"Purposely!" exclaimed Mr. Pye, with an incredulous gaze. "Dear, dear! Who could be so wicked?"

"I'm convinced of it," rejoined Mr. Spicer maliciously.

"Where's your evidence?" demanded Captain Bangham.

"And had not Zenobia interposed," continued the father, "I would have discharged every servant in the house then and there sir,—there and then."

"Compose yourself, Spicer; you are excited," said Mr. Freemantle, tendering him his snuffbox.

"I tell you what it is, Freemantle," exclaimed Mr. Spicer, "there's a conspiracy, sir,—a conspiracy. Do you understand me?"

"Upon my life, I can't conscientiously say that I do," replied Mr. Freemantle.

"Why don't you speak out at once?" demanded Captain Bangham. "If you suspect any body, give us his name."

Mr. Spicer buttoned up his pocket fiercely, and uttered a suppressed groan.

"Perhaps it's all for the best," observed Mr. Pye sympathetically; "what is to be will be, and what is not to be will not be."

"If Zenobia sees things as I do," said Captain Bangham, "she'll be grateful to whoever put that scuttle there. My advice to all young women is, never marry a man till he asks you; and I'm confident he never asked her."

"Bangham, you've no regard for my child," exclaimed Mr. Spicer, as he retired slamming the door after him.

"A child at her age—pooh!" was the brass-founder's retort.

"Do you really think," whispered Mr. Pye to Mr. Freemantle, "that there is any love between the parties?"

"Let us hope so," replied Mr. Freemantle. "But what reason have you to doubt it?"

"Well," returned Mr. Pye, looking round cautiously, "as soon as young Lightfoot had taken the bank-notes in his hand, I saw Miss Meadows smile at him, as much as to say, 'Now you've got the money, I'll bet any thing you'd rather be without the wife.'"

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Freemantle. "Don't let your mind give way to such uncharitable thoughts;" and as he gave this injunction, Zenobia's parent entered, with his hand on his bald head, and looked more gloomy and embarrassed than before.

"It's of no use," he remarked; "I can do nothing with them. I offered Lightfoot a pair of very genteel black spring-crutches, which I used myself when I broke my leg, but he won't accept them."

"Is it possible?" cried Mr. Pye incredulously.

"And Zenobia—" said Mr. Freemantle.

"Is too much distressed, of course," answered Mr. Spicer, "to express any opinion about it; but as for Miss Meadows—"

"Well?" interrupted Captain Bangham; "that girl has more sense in her little finger than—either you or I have."

"What right, I demand, has she to bias my daughter's feelings?" demanded Mr. Spicer. "I believe, sir, that she knows too much—too much a great deal. She now declares that if she were in Zenobia's place, before she would marry a man on crutches—"

Mr. Spicer paused; for at this moment the wedding-chaise and pair, with a smart little postboy in a jockey's cap and buff jacket, was seen driving rapidly up to the oval, followed by three glass carriages, the drivers all wearing white rosettes and boots with mahogany tops, as is usual on such occasions.

II.

THE glass-carriages brought some dozen additional guests to the wedding-breakfast. First came Smith, the great traveller, whose dealings in Manchester goods in one year amounted to the enormous sum of seventy-five thousand pounds. Next Leoni, the celebrated Hebrew professor of fashionable dancing and calisthenics, from Osnaburg Square, commonly called by his admiring pupils "Leo the Magnificent." A beautiful quartette followed,—the Fairchilds,—three in hyperbolic crinoline, pretty, but proud; and one in

glacé silk, parabolical and plain. They were accompanied by Aunt Melsome, a pleasant and sensible widow, whose artificial roses intimated that she had not made up her mind never to marry again. Uncle Tiffin—neat as imported from Bombay—next presented his frilled shirt and Mongolian visage; and being suspected of harboring a lac of pagodas (£40,000) in his iron safe, met, of course, with the cordial welcome which he so richly deserved. To wealth succeeded honor, represented by Minor Canon Fugue and his distinguished lady, whose turban of blue and silver tissue emanated (so the wicked Fanny Meadows whispered) from a sister's affection and workroom, and was the glory of her art. Lastly, Plumer, the large furnishing undertaker and best-walking gentleman we have, appeared upon the scene, and gave Mr. Spicer's hand a silent squeeze with professional solemnity and gloom.

Unspeakable was the surprise and affliction of all these illustrious personages on hearing that the nuptials were postponed. The bride was overwhelmed with condolences, and Mr. Harry Lightfoot was looked upon in his recumbent attitude with feelings perhaps more of sorrow than of anger; but we are not quite sure. To be made an exhibition of, even had he been regarded with unfeigned commiseration, was not at all congenial to Mr. Lightfoot's disposition; so having sent for a cab, he announced his intention of at once returning home and going to bed. On receiving this intimation, Mr. Spicer was filled with apprehensions of danger; and being himself unable to leave his guests, most earnestly entreated his dear friend Mr. Freemantle to accompany the invalid, and not leave him till he had obtained the two hundred pounds which Mr. Spicer had so unwisely, but in accordance with the previous understanding between the parties, presented to his expectant son-in-law as part and parcel of his daughter's dowry.

With great difficulty the unfortunate lover of Zenobia was lifted into the vehicle, his foot wrapped up in an old shawl by Fanny Meadows, the bride being too much distressed, and Agnes not having nerve enough to do it. As soon as Lightfoot had comfortably seated himself and was fairly on his way, he took out his cigar-case and coolly lit a Lopez, much to Mr. Freemantle's annoyance, who had made up his mind that smoking was

detestable thirty years before the great tobacco controversy was agitated. It struck Mr. Freemantle that, for a man who was suffering excruciating agony, the invalid appeared remarkably easy and cheerful; indeed, Lightfoot once or twice even became jocose, observing that as soon as he reached twenty-five he should make "old Ginger dub up, and no mistake about that;" by which figurative mode of expression he meant to say that he should require a transfer of the ten thousand pounds stock which Mr. Spicer held as trustee under his father's will. Nor did the terrible disappointment which he had experienced in having the realization of his fondest hopes deferred, affect him so deeply as to prevent him from humming snatches of operatic airs, including the popular melodies of the "Rat-catcher's Daughter" and "Vilkins and his Dinah." In speaking of Zenobia, which he did with great freedom, he admitted, as Mr. Freemantle seemed to wish it, that she was a highly-gifted woman. He did not say *girl*, feeling probably that had he done so, it would have been both low and erroneous. He, however, betrayed his insensibility to her mental charms by adding that Fanny Meadows was worth twenty of her in the "Mazourka," to which elegant saltatory exercise he had long devoted himself with wonderful success. On Mr. Freemantle remarking, that if those were his sentiments, he had acted very imprudently in offering Zenobia his hand, he indignantly denied that he had offered any thing of the sort, and alleged that "old Ginger" knew it; but by keeping him short of cash, which, as his guardian, he could easily do, he (Spicer) had as much power over him (Lightfoot) as Legree had over Uncle Tom; and concluded by wishing heartily that old Ginger was safe at the bottom of the ocean, and that Zenobia was transformed into a mermaid for the purpose of ministering to his watery wants.

To say that Mr. Freemantle was profoundly moved at this revelation of heartlessness is superfluous; how, with his fine sense of what was due to honor and Zenobia, could he be otherwise? He now clearly saw—what to any less verdant observer would have been patent an hour ago—that Lightfoot had made his simulated love of Spicer's daughter the instrument for extracting money from his guardian's coffers. Again, as Lightfoot had been guilty of hypocrisy

and fraud in one case, might he not be equally culpable in another? Was he really suffering as he pretended, or was the dislocation he complained of a *ruse* for escaping from his responsible position as bridegroom elect? Mr. Freemantle had resolved within himself to have his doubts upon these points satisfactorily solved before he lost sight of his patient; when, on reaching Charing Cross, Mr. Lightfoot chanced to espy two University students—particular friends of his—who were smoking abridged meerschaums at the hotel there, and whom he forthwith hailed, and invited to ride home with him. This was quite too much for Mr. Freemantle. With a sickening sensation, he had borne the smoke of one; to have his *frangipanni* neutralized by the antagonistic odors of three, would have been downright madness. He made a precipitate retreat.

"Determined, however, not to be baffled in his scheme of detection, Freemantle sprang into a Hansom that was passing, and directed the driver to follow the preceding vehicle, and not to lose sight of it on any account whatever. It was not long before the mystery was dissolved. Lightfoot's cab suddenly pulled up in the Haymarket, at Signor Passado's fencing-rooms, when Lightfoot *jumping out*, with a shawl, not round his ankle, but round his neck, Mr. Freemantle saw sufficient to convince him that in point of moral respectability the pseudo-lover of Zenobia was little better than a freebooter.

The intelligence of Lightfoot's duplicity rendered Mr. Spicer almost speechless. Snatching up his hat, he expressed his intention to pursue him, and give him in charge for—

"Breach of promise," suggested little Mr. Pye, who, with Captain Bangham, was the only guest remaining, except Agnes and Fanny, all others having departed, leaving the wedding-breakfast untasted and unseen.

"Robbery, sir—robbery—two hundred pounds, sir!" was Mr. Spicer's indignant answer.

"Spicer, don't make yourself altogether ridiculous," said Captain Bangham; "let him go, and stop it out of his allowance. You are his guardian, ain't you? Well—what more do you want?"

"What more do I want?" returned Spicer, his bald head flushing, and his hair stiffening with rage—"what more, Captain Bang-

ham? Answer me this, sir: am I not a parent? Are my feelings, are Zenobia's feelings, to be outraged, and no satisfaction given? I'll chastise him, sir, with a stick."

"You'd better not," returned Mr. Pye, with generous interference; "if he's fencing, he may run you through."

"Here," said Captain Bangham, offering Spicer his bamboo; "if you're bent upon mischief, you'd better take this; there's a sword inside it. Handle it carefully, so as not to turn the point against yourself."

Mr. Spicer had never taken such a deadly weapon in his hand before. He drew the blade reluctantly from its sheath, and turned pale as he saw it had two edges, either of them sharper than his penknife.

"Mind, mind!" said Mr. Pye, drawing back, and looking round Mr. Spicer's body; "you'll be sticking it into something. Hadn't you better wrap it up in paper? Captain Bangham, won't you go with him? I would, but my brother expects me home to dinner, and I shouldn't like to keep him waiting."

"Freemantle," said Mr. Spicer, with much emotion, as he drew on a pair of white kid gloves—sad evidence of his mental excitement—for he was not given to wasteful habits, "you will wait here till we return. Break it softly to Zenobia. I fear it will be too much for her, poor girl!"

So saying, Mr. Spicer firmly buttoned up his coat and departed, accompanied by Captain Bangham, whose discretion—whether in the field or in the foundry—was not less conspicuous than his valor.

III.

AGNES HOMEWOOD and her gay cousin Fanny Meadows were walking on the sunny lawn attached to Mr. Spicer's villa, their arms fondly encircling each other, like confidantes who rejoice in a community of secrets, and whose hopes and fears are posted up every evening in a mental ledger open to each member of the firm,—a most delightful species of book-keeping by double-entry. How often have we sighed to relieve these beautiful accountants of some portion of their labor, and to draw out a balance-sheet for them! On one occasion we are proud to say our confessional capabilities were acknowledged and made serviceable; nor shall we ever murmur at the remuneration which we received.

The secret conference was interrupted by a

gentleman, who, descending the steps which led from the open glass doors of the drawing-room down to the garden approached the smiling nymphs, with hat and cane in hand, after the manner of the great Simpson, for many years the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Vauxhall.

"My dear Mr. Freemantle, how delighted I am to see you!" said Agnes in her most bewitching tones. "Do tell us how you left poor Harry."

"O, don't mention the scamp," cried Mr. Freemantle, playfully stopping his ears; "shocking,—positively shocking."

Agnes, with her soft gazelle-like eyes, and Fanny Meadows, with her arch little dimples, paused and looked mysteriously at Mr. Freemantle; then, unable any longer to maintain their gravity, they gave way to a gentle fit of laughter.

"Shocking,—positively shocking!" repeated Mr. Freemantle, taking his nosegay from his coat and using it as a smelling-bottle. "Never heard of such fearful depravity in my life."

"Now don't be too severe," said the lovely Agnes, coaxingly taking Mr. Freemantle's arm, while Fanny Meadows, reluctantly as it seemed, walked beside them.

"To err is human," continued Agnes, "to forgive—divine."

"No, no," returned Mr. Freemantle, decisively; "we must not gild falsehood with fine phrases. My dear Miss Homewood, the ugliness of wrong cannot be hidden by a lady's veil."

"O, it's just like them," said Fanny Meadows petulantly, "these acidulated old bachelors; how can there be pity where there is no love?"

"I will not say that," replied the gentle Agnes. "Mr. Freemantle does not know all; or I am sure he would be as eager to excuse as he is now willing to condemn."

"Miss Homewood," said Mr. Freemantle, with a firm but soothing expression which became him admirably, "there is no man in creation who respects a woman's candid opinion more than I do; but in this instance you must permit me to pronounce your dictum bad. It is my duty to condemn falsehood, perfidy, cruelty, wherever I meet with it, let the culprit be ever so handsome, his professions ever so fair."

The counsel for the accused were silenced.

They looked as feed counsel very seldom do,—as if they were rather sorry they had taken up the case.

"But," began Miss Meadows, after a long and somewhat embarrassing interval, as she picked a flower to pieces which she had just gathered, "pray what has Mr. Lightfoot done to be treated like a common criminal? I presume you know that Mr. Spicer is his guardian?"

"I do, and have no doubt that he has honestly performed the trust reposed in him."

"Is not meanness improper?" cried Fanny Meadows, whose earnestness in defending that *mauvais sujet* Harry Lightfoot, perplexed Mr. Freemantle more and more, and led him to form all kinds of dark and terrible suspicions. "Harry," she continued, "is now four-and-twenty years of age; and instead of allowing him, as he ought to do, sufficient to maintain him like a gentleman, Mr. Spicer just gives him five or ten guineas at a time."

"So far, Miss Homewood," rejoined Mr. Freemantle, "as it is a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, I might overlook it; but when I consider that the feelings—the tenderest and most sacred feelings—of a woman have been wantonly trifled with by a thoughtless and, I fear, unscrupulous young man—"

"O dear, dear!" cried Fanny Meadows, letting go Mr. Freemantle's arm, and sinking into a bee-hive chair; "do not deceive him, Agnes, for my sake."

"Undeceive him," murmured the stockbroker; "what can she mean?"

"My dear Mr. Freemantle," said Agnes in her softest and most persuasive manner, as they walked alone together over the close-shaven sward, "things are not so bad as you imagine. Of course you know that Harry's fall this morning was not a very serious one?"

"I very much question whether he ever fell at all," returned the broker. "I believe that he placed the coal-scuttle on the stairs, and then jumped over it."

Agnes raised her lace-bordered kerchief to her face to conceal—any thing but her tears.

"If I never believed in clairvoyance before," she said laughingly, "I do now."

"You admit it, then?" exclaimed Mr. Freemantle. "Dreadful! positively dreadful! What a lucky thing it is that Zenobia has not been caught in the snares of this wily Fowler."

"Well, perhaps it is," replied Agnes, with an air of hesitation, "especially when we know that her heart belongs to another."

"Another?" cried Mr. Freemantle, with growing anxiety.

Agnes looked at the Adonis of Capel Court, and gave a significant sigh.

"Another?" exclaimed Mr. Freemantle; "to whom do you allude?"

"Yourself," said Agnes quietly.

"Is Mr. Freemantle convinced of Harry's innocence?" inquired Fanny Meadows. "There's a beautiful Gueldres rose, is it not?" and with provoking audacity she held it up to the bachelor's quivering lips, which were vainly striving to form themselves into the proper shape for enunciating his prodigious surprise.

"Here comes Zenobia," said Agnes; "we'll leave you together; and taking her cousin's hand, the girls ran into the little Swiss summer-house, where they could see every thing and not be seen themselves.

Turning towards the verandah of the house, Mr. Freemantle beheld the imposing figure of Zenobia arrayed in simple muslin, and looking, with her large, dark, romantic eyes, pale brow, and raven tresses, like Cruvelli in the last act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

On seeing the admired of all circles and the idol of his own, Zenobia falteringly advanced, and sank upon his shoulder with an inarticulate expression of tenderness not to be described by our reverential pen.

While Mr. Freemantle was seeking to reassure her with honeyed words and whispered promises, papa, followed by Captain Bangham and little Pye, appeared at the drawing-room window, the captain bearing his naked sword, but, we rejoice to add, with no crimson stain upon its virgin blade.

"All's well that ends well," isn't it, ladies?" cried little Mr. Pye, addressing Agnes and Fanny as they came from the Swiss cottage, where Freemantle and Zenobia had now blushing withdrawn. "We've got the money back; and the marriage-settlement is to be torn up, if it can be torn; but being parchment, I don't see how it can."

"And Harry Lightfoot," cried Fanny Meadows; "Where is he?"

"O, he's safe enough," returned little Pye; "we left him in Newgate."

Poor Fanny, pale as death, fell back into

the bee-hive chair, and was seized with a violent fit of hysterics. After some time, when Agnes and Zenobia, the latter now perfectly composed, had loosened her scarf, and the servants had bathed her temples, she came to; and then, according to custom "from time immemorial, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," Agnes fell into little Mr. Pye's arms, and had an attack somewhat more gentle and tearful, but similar in kind to that of her less sensitive companion.

"What a horrid state of things this is!" remarked Captain Bangham, putting his sword-stick under his arm, and assuming a warlike attitude. "I suppose it will be your turn next, Pye. Why did you mention Newgate?"

"Well, but I was going to say," replied the unsophisticated little patentee of the self-supporting baby's sock; "that we left him in Newgate, where he had gone along with his governor, to whom he's article'd, to see a gentleman client who had been committed for dock-warrants; but Miss Meadows wouldn't wait—she must go off before I could get my words out of my mouth: it's so silly. O t'other one's coming round;" and with a smile of celestial sweetness, Agnes opened her soft gazelle-like eyes.

On further inquiry, Mr. Freemantle had no reason to doubt what Fanny Meadows had hinted to be the fact, that Spicer had endeavored to bring about a marriage between Zenobia and his ward from motives which can be less easily defended than understood. Certain it is, that between Harry and Zenobia there was neither that union of sentiment which is strength, nor that knowledge of each other which is power. Zenobia, a romantic but prudent girl, listened to her father's reasonings, and could not deny that by accepting his ward for her husband she released him from much anxiety and some pecuniary peril. Lightfoot was not the ideal lover of her girlish dreams; he had neither the delicacy, the tenderness, nor the eloquence of Mr. Freemantle. She desired one to kneel at her feet, and drink inspiration from her eyes. Could a volatile, waltzing, young lawyer like Harry Lightfoot do that? Impossible. We must explain, in justice to Miss Spicer, that until the morning of the wedding she was quite ignorant of the attachment existing between Lightfoot and

Fanny Meadows. The result of this combination of affairs was a conspiracy of all parties against Mr. Spicer, and the premeditated fall of Harry Lightfoot down-stairs as an excuse for breaking off the match.

To be admired by Zenobia Spicer—indeed, to be admired by any handsome woman—Mr. Archibald Freemantle felt was bliss indeed. As a broker and a man of fashion, he was a connecting link between the Stock exchange and Almack's—but what is a link, however splendidly it may be gilt, unless it forms part of Hymen's endless chain? In their sympathies and their antipathies Zenobia and Archibald resembled a certain mathematical figure; their sides were equal, and their angles were equal to one another. Zenobia, with her lofty utterances, was the spirit of romantic poetry; in Archibald, with his touches of rouge, the sister art of painting recognized her most devoted son.

The nuptials of Mr. Freemantle and Miss Spicer were celebrated with great splendor;

and the wedding-breakfast, supplied by Gunter, was *recherché* enough to provoke both comment and envy. Twelve months after that event, Lieutenant Shipton, R. N., led to the altar Agnes, the only daughter of Walter Homewood, Esq., of Homewood Park; and at the same time her cousin Frances Meadows gave her hand—her heart had been forwarded for delivery long before—to Mr. Harry Lightfoot, recently admitted to be one of the most active solicitors of the High Court of Chancery. On the previous day Mr. Spicer transferred to his late ward the sum of £7500 part of £10,000 bequeathed to him by his father's will, and gave a humble apology and a bond for the balance. Let us hope that no guardian will ever again be prompted to resort to the painful expedients of a Spicer and that such little incisions of trust as those which we have described will be met with, not in our common experience, but only in the "romance of yesterday."

A SHOWER OF MANNA.—Do not be incredulous reader, when we inform you that on Monday last, at the foot of Clear Lake, in this county, a shower of sugar candy fell, covering a large tract of country. It covered every thing—leaves of trees, rocks, and the earth's surface alike. When discovered by the inhabitants the next morning, a part of it was of the consistency of syrup, and the rest as perfectly crystalized as the candy of the shops. Its taste is precisely similar to that of unflavored candy. Mr. J. Hale, the Clear Lake expressman, saw it while on the ground, and collected a box as samples which he brought to us. There is no mistake about the matter, as the public may learn for themselves by calling at our office. The specimens before us are generally irregularly crystalized, rounded at one end and irregular in form at the other, as if broken off from some surface to which they adhered. They are from one-fourth to five-eighths of an inch in length, some pure white and others of a delicate pink hue. Their general appearance is that of very small stalagmites, such as we have often seen in caves. A similar shower occurred at Salt Lake some years since. Naturalists pretend to explain such phenomena by saying that such saccharine showers are of insect origin; but their explanations seem even more improbable than the fact itself—the latter being well attested, and the former a mere theory to excuse ignorance of Nature's wondrous workings. —*Napa Republican*.

The Refugee: a Novel, founded on Phrenological Observations. By Alfred Godwine, Ph.D. (Philadelphia, White; London, Trubner & Co.)

A BOOK written with some cleverness, and a great deal of flippancy, and a self-complacent vanity in still greater proportion. The book would be amusing if the style were less jerking, and with less pretension to smartness. The story, if story it can be called, is extremely sketchy; it purports to be the experiences of a Hungarian refugee, who has got into all his difficulties *not* by doing wrong, or by committing mortal errors,—no, Heaven forbid!—but M. Skreny cannot prosper, go where he will, because he is so much *better* than every body else in this best of all possible worlds. The most respectable men become knaves and fools when they appear beside him; and he can succeed in no enterprise because he has the faculty of knocking the bottom out of every thing he undertakes, as well as of taking the shine out of every body he encounters. His rock-a-head through life is represented as being his own honesty, and his indomitable habit of speaking his mind in season and out of season. The story has no conclusion, and apparently the author has taken it up as an excuse to have the conversation all to himself rather than with the view to produce a well-constructed work of fiction.—*Athenaeum*.

From The National Era.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

From the hills of home forthlooming, far beneath
the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the head-
land of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-
tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its an-
cient fishing town.

Long has passed the summer morning and its
memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleas-
ant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean
wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy
grave, Rantoul.

With the memory of that morning by the sum-
mer sea, I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger
Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all
strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up, huge and undigested, like the chaos
Ovid sings.

Dear to me, these far, faint glimpses of the dual
life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence—out-
ward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and
vulgar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of
hadden gray.

The great, eventful present hides the past; but,
through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life
behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside, and the leg-
endary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter, which the true
man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the
Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's
moorland graveyards through,
On the tombs of old traditions flowers of song I
fain would twine—
Wipe the moss from off the tablet and retouch
the faded line.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse
with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray
rocks of Cape Ann.
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and pal-
isade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the
moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and
eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with
breakers stretching north—

Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged
capas with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild
and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by
dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited with their mus-
kets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn, oaken table the venison
haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round
from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together—talked of
wizards Satan sold,
Of all ghostly sights and noises, signs and won-
ders manifold:
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead
men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of
morning clouds.

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depth of
Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, blooms of
warmer latitudes;
Where the arctic birch is braided by the tropic's
flowery vines,
And the silver-starred magnolia lights the twi-
light of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky
tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers
of evil near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steal and
aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of
mortals run!

Thrice with plumes and flowing scalp-locks,
from the midnight wood they came,
Thrice around the block-house marching met,
unharm'd, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk
in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moon-
lit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a
dusky mass, that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly
marching in the moon.

"Ghosts or witches," said the Captain, "Thus
I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button from his doub-
let down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the
guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets from the pali-
sades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-
top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant
wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless
shower of lead;
With a laugh of fierce derision once again the
phantoms fled;

Once again, without a shadow on the sands the
moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted
slowly down the bay !

"God preserve us !" said the Captain, "never
mortal foes were there,
They have vanished with their leader, Prince
and Power of the Air !
Lay aside your useless weapons, skill and prowess
nought avail;
They who do the Devil's service, wear their
master's coat of mail !"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when
again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching
round the dusky hall;
And they looked to flint and priming, and they
longed for break of day;
But the Captain closed his Bible: "Let us
cease from man, and pray !"

To the men who went before us, all the Unseen
Powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck
its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was
bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones as the
Captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the
spectres round the wall,
But a sound, abhorred, unearthly, smote the
ears and hearts of all—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish ! Never
after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the
block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool
and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn
legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral
lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying
truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings comes the spectres
of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the
darkness dim-defined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the
heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the
cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer
from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no
white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to
faith and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all
the spirits of the night ! J. G. W.

VENDETTA !

O, BITTER shame ! O, burning wrong !
O, subtle spite of hell !
Hearts know—eyes weep—breath falters at
What tongues may never tell.
Beneath the knife, sister and wife
Butchered like bleating beast;
The shambles ply—our darlings die—
Die! *that*, alas! the least.

The lips so often met in love,
The wifely trusting breast,
The hand ne'er took but tenderly.
Never but gently pressed;
Touched—tainted by the cursed palms
Of those whose coward eye
Dared not till now lift lid to gaze
On such sweet majesty.

O! brothers—brothers—brothers mine,
Curse not, or curse them low;
Let the deep passion of your grief
Shake not your sword-arms so;
Clear your keen eyes of blinding tears,
Quiet your heart's hot beat,
Keep sorrow for the coming years,
Take vengeance now—swift—sweet!

They ring the Island Lion round,
And dare not close to slay;
Cur dogs! his savage teeth shall teach
What losing game they play.
None must die quiet in his bed
Of all the black-souled band
Who spilled the gentle English blood
On the stained Indian land.

From Ganges to the Western Sea
For aid the victims cry;
From Himaleh to Comorin
The avenging blades flash high.
On, Havelock, yet ! stand, Steuart, stand!
One to a hundred fight;
A thousand shall not stay the sword
Of man's rage and God's right.

But you whose eyes trusted to guide
The vessel of the State
Saw not the thunder-clouds drive up
Black with her coming fate,
Ye let her drift upon these shoals,
Look that ye bring her through !
Who falters in a nation's need
A nation's curse shall rue.

See to it, then! that soon the tide
Of steel may reach and rise
To wash that bloody country clean
Before men's fearing eyes.
Yet but a space!—no sepoy slave
Shall lift his hand to show
The blood that left his master's heart,
The hand that struck the blow.
—*The Press*, 3 Oct.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE MAIN.

OUT in the Arctic Sea, somewhat more than 400 miles to the north-east of Iceland, there rises, apparently projected by volcanic agency, the mountain-island of Jan Mayen. It shoots straight up out of the sea to the height of nearly 7000 feet, having from certain points of view the appearance of a peak, not unlike the enormous spire of a church. As seen from a distance, it seems impossible to land upon it, yet, on approaching nearer, there is found to be a narrow line of coast, and several small harbors, which offer a tolerable anchorage when the state of the surrounding ice admits of entrance. The island was originally discovered by Captain Fotherby, who stumbled upon it through a fog in the year 1614. Sailing southward in a mist so thick that he could not see to the length of his ship, he suddenly heard the noise of waters as if breaking on a great shore, and getting a glimpse shortly afterwards of the gigantic bases of Mount Beerenberg, which is the name given to the eminence, he thought he had discovered some new continent. Since then, it has been frequently sighted by homeward-bound whalers, though, on account of its ordinary inaccessibility, it has rarely been landed upon. Once, however, shortly after its discovery, an attempt was made to inhabit it, that was attended by tragic consequences; the particulars of which, till recently, have been very little known.*

About the year 1635, the Dutch government, wishing to establish a settlement in the actual neighborhood of the fishing-grounds, where the blubber might be boiled down, and the spoils of each season transported home in the smallest bulk, prevailed on seven seamen to remain the whole winter on the island. Huts were built for them, and they were liberally supplied with salt provisions, and there left to resolve the problem as to whether or not human beings could support the severities of the climate. Standing on the shore, these seven men saw their comrades' parting sails down beneath the sun; then watched the sun sink as had sunk the sails; and as the long arctic night set in, must have felt themselves left to a perilous and questionable fate. As is the manner of seamen, they kept a log or diary of their proceedings, noting down from day to day

* *Letters from High Latitudes.*

what seemed most worthy or desirable to be recorded. "The 26th of August," they wrote, "our fleet set sail for Holland with a strong north-east wind and a hollow sea, which continued all that night. The 28th the wind the same; it began to snow very hard; we then shared half a pound of tobacco betwixt us, which was to be our allowance for a week. Towards evening, we went about together, to see whether we could discover anything worth our observation, but met with nothing." To the like effect is their experience for many a weary day—cold dreary days of sleet and storm, which differ little one day from another.

On the 8th of September, they were "frightened by a noise of something falling to the ground"—probably some volcanic disturbance, or descent of a loosened glacier. A month later, it becomes so cold that their linen, after a moment's exposure to the air, is frozen like a board. Huge fleets of ice beleaguered the island, the sun disappears, and they spend most of their time in "rehearsing to one another the adventures that had befallen them by sea and land." Ere long, this resource of story-telling fails, or the relation becomes bald by repetition. On the 12th of December, they have the fortune to kill a bear, having by this time begun to feel the effects of a salt diet. Slowly, drearily, the time goes by, and every day "most weary seems the sea"—

"Weary the wandering fields of barren foam."

At last comes New-year's Day, 1636. "After having wished each other a happy new year, and success in our enterprise, we went to prayers," say they, "to disburden our hearts before God." They had yet two months to wait before the re-appearance of the sun. It was some slight relief to the prolonged dulness when, on the 25th of February, they once more saw him rise. But now to dulness and the pains of cold succeed sickness and debility. By the 22d of March, they were suffering from the scourge of scurvy; "For want of refreshments we began to be very heartless, and so afflicted that our legs are scarce able to bear us." Alone on that dismal rock, they were "out of humanity's reach;" slowly, miserably perishing, and in conscious dread of perishing, before help could come. On the 3d of April, there being no more than two of them in health, they killed for the others the only two pullets they

had left; the sick men feeding "pretty heartily upon them, in hopes it might prove a means to recover part of their strength." "We were sorry," says the record, "we had not a dozen more for their sake." On Easter-day, Adrian Carman, of Schiedam, their clerk, dies. "The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all, we being very sick," is the entry on this sad occasion. During the next few days, they seem all to have got rapidly worse, only one being strong enough to move about. He had learned writing from his comrades since coming to the island, and it is he who concludes the melancholy story. "The 23d (April), the wind blew from the same corner, with small rain. We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all, except myself, that were able to help themselves, much less one another, so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders; and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now a going to help our commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain, he then struggling with death." For seven days this gallant fellow goes on "striving to do his duty"—attending on his helpless comrades till they were all past help, and making entries in the journal as to the state of the weather, that being the principal object they were charged with when left upon the island; but on the 30th of April his strength too gave way, and his failing hand could do no more than trace an incompleting sentence on the page.

So, sinking one after another, the forlorn band had all fallen. As the season advanced however, ships were getting ready; and on the 4th of June, up again above the horizon rose the sails of the Zealand fleet; but when search is made for those who it was hoped would have been found alive and well, lo! each lies dead in his own hut; one with an open prayer-book by his side; another with his hand stretched out towards the ointment he had used for his stiffened joints; and the last survivor with the unfinished journal still lying by his side.

Since this grim tragedy, Jan Mayen has had no inhabitants. Mount Beerenberg raises his head with an awful majesty above the storms, but looks down on voyaging adventurers who pass his borders with too inhospitable a frown to induce them to tarry long

within his presence. Nevertheless, the island has been occasionally visited by enterprising navigators, some of whom appear to have explored it more completely than its early Dutch discoverers. Twenty-two years ago, the late Dr. Scoresby effected a landing there on his return from a whaling cruise. He had seen the mountain a hundred miles off, and, on approaching, found the coast quite free from ice; and, by a subsequent survey, ascertained that the island is about sixteen miles long by four wide. The last and most complete account of this singular sea-mountain is given us by Lord Dufferin, who went in search of it in his yacht, in the summer of 1856. The particulars are given in his recently published voyage-narrative, entitled *Letters from High Latitudes*; from which very interesting work we select such passages as may serve to complete the picture of Jan Mayen, and to show the difficulties and dangers of approaching it.

Lord Dufferin sailed from Iceland in his schooner-yacht, the *Foam*, a little vessel of about eighty tons burden, being accompanied in his expedition by a French steamer of 1100 tons, the *Rein Hortense*, on board of which was his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon. The prince suggested that the *Rein Hortense* should take the *Foam* in tow; and in this way upwards of 300 miles of the voyage to Jan Mayen was performed. At this point, however, the French vessel, falling short of coal, was obliged to return, leaving Lord Dufferin, who was unwilling to go back, to buffet his way forward amidst fog and ice, as well as the skill and hardihood of himself and crew, and the sailing powers of his little schooner, might enable him. "I confess," says he, "our situation, too, was not altogether without causing me a little anxiety. We had not seen the sun for two days; it was very thick, with a heavy sea, and dodging about as we had been among the ice, at the heels of the steamer, our dead reckoning was not very much to be depended upon. The best plan, I thought, would be to stretch away at once clear of the ice, then run up into the latitude of Jan Mayen, and, as soon as we should have reached the parallel of its northern extremity, bear down on the land."

The ship's course was shaped in accordance with this view, and as about mid-day the weather began to moderate, there appeared a prospect of getting on for some time favor-

ably. By four o'clock in the afternoon, they were skimming along on a smooth sea with all sails set; and this state of prosperity continued for the next twenty-four hours. "We had made," says his lordship, "about eighty knots since parting company with the Frenchman, and it was now time to run down west and pick up the land. Luckily, the sky was pretty clear, and as we sailed on through open water, I really began to think our prospects very brilliant. But about three o'clock on the second day, specks of ice began to flicker here and there on the horizon, then large bulks came floating by in forms as picturesque as ever—one, I particularly remember, a human hand thrust out of the water with outstretched fore-finger as if to warn us against proceeding further—until at last the whole sea became clouded with hummocks, that seemed to gather on our path in magical multiplicity.

"Up to this time, we had seen nothing of the island, yet I knew we must be within a very few miles of it; and now, to make things quite pleasant, there descended upon us a thicker fog than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining: it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say that you could not see your hand, ceased almost to be any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. The perfect stillness of the sea and sky added very much to the solemnity of the scene; almost every breath of wind had fallen; scarcely a ripple tinkled against the copper sheathing as the solitary little schooner glided along at the rate of half a knot or so an hour, and the only sound we heard was a distant wash of waters; but whether on a great shore, or along a belt of solid ice, it was impossible to say. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was going to take place; the heavy wreaths of vapor seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of gray suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky—a cone of illuminated snow.

"You can imagine my delight. It was really that of an anchorite catching a glimpse

of the seventh heaven. There was at last the long-sought-for mountain actually tumbling down upon our heads. Columbus could not have been more pleased when, after nights of watching, he saw the first fires of a new hemisphere dance upon the water; nor, indeed, scarcely less disappointed at their sudden disappearance than I was, when, after having gone below to wake Sigudr, and tell him we had seen *bonâ fide terra firma*, I found, on returning upon deck, that the roof of mist had closed again, and shut out all trace of the transient vision. At last the hour of liberation came: a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere; brown turned to gray, and gray to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable veil of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that veil I knew must lie Jan Mayen.

"A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem first deepened, to a violet tinge, then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapped its summit standing in all the magnificence of his 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapor, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed.

"Although—by reason of our having hit upon its side instead of its narrow end—the outline of Mount Beerenberg appeared to us more like a sugar-loaf than a spire—broader at the base and rounder at the top than I had imagined—in size, color, and effect it far surpassed any thing I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames, started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strang

ness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded, subsequently, in approaching the spot—where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel."

As soon as they had got a little over their first feelings of astonishment at the panorama thus suddenly revealed by the lifting of the fog, Lord Dufferin and his companions began to consider what would be the best way of getting to the anchorage on the west side of the island. They were still seven or eight miles from the shore and the northern extremity of the island, round which they would have to pass, lay about five leagues off, bearing west by north, while between them and the land stretched a continuous breadth of floating ice. We need not detail all the elaborate manœuvres by which they worked the vessel among the hummocks; finding, more than once, after making some little progress by arduous efforts, that there was "no thoroughfare" in the direction chosen, and nothing was left them but to turn back, and try their fortune through some other passage. They could effect no landing on the western coast; they put about and tried the eastern, and had no better success. Worse than this, on attempting to retrace their course they found themselves in danger of being ice-locked. The wind having shifted, it was now blowing right down the path along which they had picked their way; and in order to return, it would be necessary to work the ship to windward "through a sea as thickly crammed with ice as a lady's boudoir is with furniture." "Moreover," says the noble navigator, "it had become evident, from the obvious closing of the open spaces, that some considerable pressure was acting upon the outside of the field; but whether originating in a current or the change of wind, or another field being driven down upon it, I could not tell. Be that as it might, we must get, unless we wanted to be

cracked like a walnut-shell between the drifting ice and the solid belt to leeward; so, sending a steady hand to the helm—for these unusual phenomena had begun to make some of my people lose their heads a little, no one on board having ever seen a bit of ice before—I stationed myself in the bows, while Mr. Wyse [the sailing master] conned the vessel from the square-yard. Then there began one of the prettiest and most exciting pieces of nautical manœuvring that can be imagined. Every single soul on board was summoned upon deck; to all their several stations and duties were assigned, always excepting the cook, who was merely directed to make himself generally useful. As soon as everybody was ready, down went the helm, about came the ship, and the critical part of the business commenced. Of course, in order to wind and twist the schooner in and out among the devious channels left between the hummocks, it was necessary she should have considerable way on her; at the same time, so narrow were some of the passages, and so sharp their turnings, that unless she had been the most handy vessel in the world, she would have had a very narrow squeak for it. I never saw any thing so beautiful as her behaviour. Had she been a living creature, she could not have dodged, and wound, and doubled with more conscious cunning and dexterity; and it was quite amusing to hear the endearing way in which the people spoke to her, each time the nimble creature contrived to elude some more than usually threatening tongue of ice.

"It had become very cold; so cold, indeed, that Mr. Wyse—no longer able to keep a clutch of the rigging—had a severe tumble from the yard on which he was standing. The wind was freshening, and the ice was evidently still in motion; but although very anxious to get back again into open water, we thought it would not do to go away without landing, even if it were only for an hour. So having laid the schooner right under the cliff, and putting in the gig our old discarded figure-head, a white ensign, a flag-staff, and a tin biscuit-box, containing a paper on which I had hastily written the schooner's name, the date of her arrival, and the names of all those who sailed on board, we pulled ashore. A ribbon of beach, not more than fifteen yards wide, composed of iron sand, augite, and pyroxene, running along under the

basaltic precipice—upwards of a thousand feet high—which serves as a kind of plinth to the mountain, was the only standing-room this part of the island afforded. With considerable difficulty, and after a good hour's limb, we succeeded in dragging the figure-head we had brought on shore with us, up a sloping patch of snow, which lay in a crevice of the cliff, and thence a little higher, to a natural pedestal formed by a broken shaft of rock; where, after having tied the tin box round her neck, and duly planted the white ensign of St. George beside her, we left the superseded damsel, somewhat grimly smiling across the frozen ocean at her feet, until some Bacchus of a bear shall come to relieve the loneliness of my wooden Ariadne."

Meeting with nothing of interest, they soon determined to return to the vessel; "but—so rapidly was the ice drifting down upon the island—we found it had already become doubtful whether we should not have to carry the boat over the patch which, during the couple of hours we had spent on shore, had almost cut her off from access to the water. If this was the case with the gig, it was very evident the quicker we got the schooner out to sea again the better. So immediately we returned on board, having first fired a gun in token of adieu to the desolate land we should never again set foot on, the ship was put about, and our task of working out towards the open water recommenced." It was a difficult matter to get extricated from the

ice; but after many hours' struggling, the little *Foam* got free from it, and went spanking away at the rate of eight knots an hour in a direct line for Hammerfest—a port which was gained after eight days' sailing, at the rate of 100 miles a day.

The reader who has followed us thus far will know as much of Jan Mayen and its history as is known by anybody who has not visited the island. As Lord Dufferin himself only knew of its existence four years before he went in search of it, there can be no reason why anybody should blush for the deficiency of his geographical knowledge, should this be the first time he may have heard of it. Though one of the curiosities of the world, Jan Mayen has been so rarely visited, that few persons, even among arctic mariners, could render any account of it; and the belief has been current in some quarters that for many years it has been wholly inaccessible. M. Babinet, of the French Institute, made a statement to this effect in the *Journal des Débats*, as lately as the 30th of December 1856—he, apparently, having not then received intelligence of Lord Dufferin's exploit in the previous summer. It is now, however, an established fact that the island can be reached; and it is not unlikely that other spirited yachtsmen, emulating his lordship's bold example, will seek a new excitement in making it the object of some of their seafaring excursions.

REFLECTIONS OF METHUSELAH.—How many men are there who have ever taken into their minds the full meaning of those nine hundred sixty and nine years which measure the life of the "oldest inhabitant?" Figures of arithmetic are empty symbols—we measure them by deeds. One summer's life in busy, fruitful lands seems longer to man's heart than centuries at the frozen pole. Yet, though history records nothing of the labors of Methuselah, we know that his hours did not "slumber nor sleep." They were the same winged messengers that outrun cashless debtors and cut short lovers' dreams. They were the same swift-stepping elves, O faded beauty! whose forked teeth trod thy dimples into wrinkles. The time that waited so long on Methuselah was the same striding skeleton that swings a pitiless scythe in the pages of the New England Primer. His fields were mowed less frequently than

now, but they yielded heavier crops. "For there were giants in those days."

We have measured the age of Methuselah only by the sun-dial. Let us take the coil of the life, the nine hundred sixty and nine years of his pilgrimage, and roll it out from this present over a past which history has lighted. It stretches back beyond the landing of the Pilgrims—beyond the brightness of the reformation, into the dim twilight of the middle ages; back beyond the new birth of a continent; beyond Agincourt, and Cressy, and Hastings, and over the graves of twenty-five generations, to the very childhood of the English people? William the Conqueror, if he should rise at this day to confound the ambitious names which claim to have "come over" with him, would be younger, by one hundred years, than Methuselah was when he died!

From The Economist.

THE COMMERCIAL RESULT OF AN IMPROVED POLICY IN INDIA.

AT a time when there is so much doubt and wavering as to the policy upon which India should be governed—when there is so much disposition to regard the people as so peculiar, the circumstances of the country as so exceptional, that no ordinary principles can be applied to them—when a detail of horrors and atrocities such as never before darkened the history of this or any other country may predispose the public mind to listen to doctrines which its good sense would otherwise regard as dangerous and unsound, it may be well to recall attention to the best proofs which we can have of the real progress and condition of the masses of the people, and to the utter failure of predictions based upon the narrow principles which were long advocated in respect to India. At the present moment it is particularly needful not to confound two things which are altogether disconnected—the mutinous element and the mass of the population. If there be one thing more apparent than another in the events which have latterly been witnessed in the North-West Provinces, it is that the antagonism to English rule is confined to the army, and almost exclusively to that portion of it which is composed of high-caste natives, who have deeply seated in their minds the traditions of ancient rule and power, divided between the Mahometan and the Brahmin,—and to such small portion of the population as they can immediately influence or coerce. It is certain that if there had been any general disaffection to English rule among the masses of the people, it must have exhibited itself in a far more general and unmistakeable form than it has done upon this occasion. On the contrary, the great masses of the population know well that the real issue at this present juncture is the ascendancy of the Mahometan or the Brahmin rule on the one hand, or the maintenance of English authority on the other; and they still know enough of the leading characteristics and main aim of both to know which to desire, and, as far as they can, which to support. Taken abstractedly, the English rule in India may be as faulty and capable of as much improvement as its worst enemies assert; but taken comparatively with the ancient rule of our oldest possessions, or with those provinces which till

lately were, or which still are, under native rule, so far as the people are concerned, the contrast is so striking in all that secures their real happiness and progress, that we may be quite certain they will never willingly abandon the one for the other. As far as there is design at all in these mutinous outbreaks, it is obvious that they proceed from a futile ambition to effect a military despotism through the instrumentality of a corrupted army. The only actors or even abettors that can be traced in the movement are ambitious native chiefs and a depraved and pampered high-caste soldiery, who are by habit, by nature, by prejudice, and by tradition, further removed from nine-tenths of the population of India, and from those who constitute all that is valuable in a productive, industrial, and sound sense, than the settled foreigners of whatever country they may be. If ever a great nation is to be formed out of native elements in India, it will not be by reducing the privileged castes to a useful amalgamation with the rest of the population, but by raising the social status and self-respect of the middle and industrial classes. It is, therefore, above all things necessary, in making up our minds to the best plans for the future government of India, that we should not commit the grave error of confounding these two elements of native society; but that we should distinguish between the restless ambition of the few who constitute the privileged castes, and the great mass of the people who constitute the productive and industrial classes, and whose condition must be improved in proportion as good government affords security for person and property, and as wise laws tend to develop the marvelous resources of their soil. Our policy should be by the sternest means to suppress the ambitious designs of the one, and by a firm but mild and just administration to encourage the improvement and prosperity of the other.

Again, we must beware how we fall into the error of believing that the course which we have hitherto pursued in India has been based upon false and erroneous principles only in consequence of this military outbreak. The better principles which have latterly prevailed in our government of India date only from a very recent period. True, we have held India for a century; but it is only since 1834—little more than twenty years—that full effect has been given to the

wise, enlightened and free principles of government acknowledged by the Act of 1814. Has the experiment been successful? Before the termination of the Company's monopoly there were many who predicted the impossibility of governing India upon free principles—who contended that exclusive control and strict monopoly were absolutely necessary equally for the administration of law, and for the conduct of trade. What are the facts of twenty years' experience? If we are to consider the people of India in their masses, and to throw out of consideration the privileged castes whose essential creeds teach them that all the productive classes exist only for their uses and their benefit, then we shall find in all that is accepted as a proof of the condition of a people remarkable evidences of improvement and progress:—we shall find every encouragement to persevere in the enlightened policy of free intercourse, and every reason for not retracing our steps, whether with regard to the external policy by which the trade of India has been made free, or the internal policy by which the native population has been more and more identified and brought into contact with the European settlers. The remarkable increase in the trade of India during the last twenty-two years is a proof not only of the enlarged means and the increased desire of the people to consume foreign luxuries, but even more so of their progress in the productions of the soil; for it is an essential fact to bear in mind that important to this country as the export trade to India may be, and greatly as it has increased, it is not to be doubted that our import trade is even more important and has increased even more rapidly. It must be borne in mind that the habits of the native population of India are not only of the simplest but of the most stationary character. Their food, their clothing, their dwellings remain unchanged, whatever their prosperity or increasing wealth. Their produce increases in quantity and as much so in value, but their expenditure remains nearly the same. The accumulation of wealth in the shape of the precious metals is, therefore, rapid whenever India is prosperous. It may be said, as a rule, that the exports of merchandise from India greatly exceed the imports, and that, even after allowing for the *three millions* of Indian revenue that is annually remitted to this country for a portion of the Government

expenditure, there is always a large balance to be received in the precious metals. But the progress of India of late years is shown in every department of its trade and production. Let us only look at the following facts and consider their import.

1. In 1834-35, when the East India Company ceased to be a trading company, and when the full benefits of a wiser policy were extended both to the external trade and internal administration of India, the value of the entire imports from all quarters into India was £4,261,000—the value of the exports to all countries was £7,993,000; the amount of treasure imported was £1,893,000 while that exported was £194,000, leaving a balance of £1,699,000—the remainder of the balance representing the portion of the Indian revenue remitted to England for the expenditure of the Government—that is, that in merchandize and treasure India received for all the surplus produce exported £5,960,000.

It would be tedious to trace the gradual increase of the trade of India from year to year. For the purpose of our present argument it is enough to show what were the facts, in 1855-56, the last year for which the official accounts have been published. In that year the imports of merchandize into India had increased from £4,261,000 in 1834-35 to £17,274,000;—but the exports of merchandize had increased from £7,993,000 to no less than £25,494,000,—the balance being adjusted by an importation of treasure to the amount of £12,356,000 against an export of treasure to the amount of £2,046,000. Instead, therefore, of India receiving in merchandize and treasure for her surplus produce £5,960,000 in 1834-35, she received in 1855-56 no less than £27,584,000; and the imports of treasure alone during the last five years cannot be stated at less than £40,000,000.

When we look at these facts simply in the mass, it is difficult to realize their consequences upon the individual native producers in the remote districts of India:—nevertheless it is certain that they must be extensively felt. But the following table, taken from an article in a recent number of the *Calcutta Review*, showing the quantities of the principal articles produced in Bengal which had been received at Calcutta in the two years which we have been comparing will perhaps produce a more vivid impression

of the rapid strides which the Indian cultivators have recently made:—

BROUGHT DOWNS TO CALCUTTA.

	1834-35.	1855-56
Caster oil, maunds *	6,091	44,702
Raw Cotton,	143,555	173,908
Lac dye,	9,590	27,985
Shell lac,	26,068	47,974
Gunnies cloths, pieces	2,615,000	20,221,000
Hides and skins,	1,251,000	4,788,000
Jute, maunds	67,805	1,194,000
Linseed,		2,538,000
Mustard seed,		1,307,000
Opium, chests	12,006	44,937
Rice, maunds	2,667,000	9,187,000
Wheat,	114,365	950,038
Other grain,	137,673	665,558
Saltpetre,	490,554	737,273
Sugar,	290,263	1,221,000

* NOTE.—A maund is 80 lbs. English.

The increase of the production of silk and indigo has been also upon a very large scale, and flax is rapidly becoming an article of extensive cultivation. In 1852-53 the value of it exported from Calcutta was £7,300, and it rose in 1854-55 to £38,000.

Now it is impossible to look at these facts and not to recognize in them a striking proof of the increasing prosperity of the cultivators of the soil, who constitute at least nine-tenths of the native population of India;—and at the same time to feel that, whatever may have been the imperfections of English rule, it has at least resulted in a greatly improved condition of the best and most hopeful portion of the people, and may safely be relied upon, not alone as a present security for an adherence to British rule, but also as the most gratifying prospect for the future greatness of our Indian empire; and, above all, they should warn us, in forming an opinion of the present crisis in India, and of the best plans of governing in the future, to discriminate between the motives and objects of a traitorous army, and the wishes and interests of an industrious, peaceful, and patient people.

From The Press, 19 Sept.

An Address to the Reconstructors of our Indian Empire. By Robert Davies Luard, late of the Bombay Civil Service. London: Effingham Wilson.

THOSE who are inclined to think with the *Times* that the present revolt in India is the fruit of pampering and petting, the caprice of a spoiled people towards a too indulgent and paternal Government will do well to read this pamphlet, which is written in rather unmeasured language by an extreme partisan of the opposite view. There is nothing like hearing both sides of a story, and it is only

by studying the *cons* as well as the *pros* that the public is likely to arrive at the truth. Some extracts from Mr. Luard's work we shall lay before our readers, in order that they may see the notion as to the causes of the outbreak that he has formed. His introduction is as follows:—

"Whenever the reconstructors of our Indian empire succeed in getting through the mass of garble which will as usual be interposed to mislead them, they will find that the present disasters in India are the inevitable consequences of the culpable apathy of the British nation, the utter indifference it has always manifested to the affairs of that country, and its consequent ignorance of what most concerns the happiness and welfare of a population numbering one-seventh of the whole human race.

"At the close of the charter granted in 1833 for twenty years, the people of India, groaning under the most galling tyranny the world ever beheld—a tyranny which has been ably depicted by the late Sir Charles Napier, in a letter which appeared in the *Times* of August 17th, 1857—at the close of that charter the people of India did endeavor by every means in their power to rouse the people of England to a consideration of their wrongs. The press teemed with accusations against men in power; names and facts were brought forward; it was confidently foretold that unless the requirements of the people of India were attended to they would at last take matters into their own hands; that they could no longer submit to be robbed by process of law; to have their homes desecrated and their religion insulted, with the fullest approval of men who proclaimed themselves to be quite irrespective of right and wrong. The charter, however, was renewed, as usual, with indecent haste. The natives of India saw that they were once more leased out to their former tyrannical masters: and as this renewal has always been a signal for the officers of Government to throw aside all decency, I can only suppose the doings in India in 1854-55-56 to have been pretty much what they were in 1834-35-36, and subsequently, until inquiry, such as it was, came round.

"No people, not even Hindoos, will year after year submit to be plundered and sneered at; to have such violations of the law as I have witnessed brought home to every man's house, to be denied all justice on the spot; to be referred to England, and then to spend the rest of their lives between the Court of Directors and the Board of Control—which latter upon one occasion (Meer Jaffer Alee's case) informed them coolly, by the mouth of its president, that if the petitioner succeeded

in obtaining justice it would induce numbers of other natives to follow his example, and the India Board would then be besieged by petitioners for redress; to find in short, that although the British Parliament enact laws they do not take care that these laws are not made, as they have been, instruments of tyranny.

"So outrageous is the villainy which I have witnessed, that, next to the inhuman conduct of the natives in these mutinies, nothing gave me so low an opinion of their characters as the manner in which they quietly looked on and saw whole communities pillaged by the officers of Government, European and native. I was at one time judge and magistrate of a place so pillaged, and by such means reduced to an utter mass of moral and physical degradation; and Sir Charles Napier has proved that my experience was not, as it could not be, singular, by declaring that the Governor-General of India did not know that his own camp was at once a scene and a cause of curses on our very name.

"Who, then, shall wonder at an outbreak which practical men declared imminent unless India were better governed? When we hear of outbreaks in native States (an opportunity which we always seize to appropriate them to ourselves), we invariably impute them to tyranny. If the people of a country throw off one Government, it is with the hope of obtaining a better; and I can take upon myself to say that a worse they never can have than that which has brought matters to this pass with us.

"In no Government that ought to be permitted to exist, or that can possibly exist for any length of time securely, can outrages and judicial robberies, such as I have witnessed, be perpetrated and upheld. Yet the British Parliament and the British public have suffered such a Government to flourish unquestioned. Now, however, that the spectacle afforded by that country has at last turned the eyes of the world towards Indian matters, the truth may perhaps leak out, in spite of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, who have been so long playing into one another's hands, and been corrupting everybody. At all events I will lend my assistance to the promulgation of the truth, and only regret that I cannot (to quote the language used of me in the *London Mail* of January 9, 1854) reveal, under circumstances which would insure a wide publicity and extensive perusal of my evidence, those monstrous perversions of justice to which I have been for years endeavouring to direct the public attention."

Mr. Luard then proceeds to make a number of statements, as he avers, on his own knowledge, regarding the iniquities, and mis-

government, and corruption that prevail. He winds up these by telling us that one of his own assistants, a Bombay civilian, caused the death of a native by beating him and having urine put down his throat by the lowest caste that could be procured, having previously with his own hands dragged him to prison by a rope tied about his heels, beating him with a bridle on the back all the way. And for doing this he adds that the civilian escaped scot-free. He says that a commander-in-chief in India once ordered his aide-de-camp to shoot a trooper of the Bengal cavalry, and that the trooper was shot accordingly and the case hushed up. He affirms that he has known respectable native officers tied up and flogged before the whole regiment, and then dismissed, without any sort of inquiry; and that, though they complained, the commanding officer was related to Lord Dalhousie, and that of course there was no redress.

Such are some of the charges brought by Mr. Luard against our rule, and he winds up his pamphlet as follows:—

"Colonel Sykes says an inquiry into the causes of this mutiny must take place. It ought; but no inquiry ever has taken place yet into Indian crimes, simply because they are too disgraceful and too numerous; but the affairs of India have now become history. Its people have thrown off our rule, and this they never would have done had we governed them better than their native princes: nor would anything have caused the Hindoos and Mahomedans to combine saving a great common cause; and no other cause yet assigned would affect the prejudices of both. This outbreak has been foreseen for years. Sir Charles Napier foretold it; so did the free press; so did the natives themselves; so did I; so did every honest, practical man who had courage to speak his real opinions. The annexation of Oude was the last inciting cause of it by bringing so large a number of Bengal sepoys under our rule; but the origin of the revolt is to be found entire in these pages, and need not be sought for elsewhere.

"And now, reconstructors of the Indian empire, say what shall be done with this people of whom rightly or wrongly you have assumed the government and all its fearful responsibilities towards God and men? Shall the sun which never sets on our dominions only shine on this portion of them to display a scene of suffering, degradation, and brutality, on the one hand, and crime, corruption, and rapacity on the other, which the world has rarely seen equalled and—in its atrocious details of misery—never surpassed? Shall we

who proudly consider ourselves the salt of the earth (how aptly do the words apply, *if the salt have lost its savor wherewithal shall it be savored*), the champions of Christianity, the promoters of civilization, shall we first commit by the hands of our Government and then wilfully ignore, and by ignoring sanction, the bribery, corruption, falsehood, murder, and tyranny of which these pages contain an outline too scanty to convey the faintest idea of the fearful reality? Whatever the late atrocities may have proved the natives of India to be, we have undertaken to rule them—and we cannot escape the responsibilities that rule imposes on us. The day of reckoning *must* come, if it be not already at the doors. Our armies may reconquer Indian ground, but Indian hearts and the great object of our mission to India are lost forever. That object was to benefit our fellow-creatures, advance the interests of civilization, and aid in the propagation of Christianity. We have disgraced God's holy name in a heathen land; we have deliberately made ourselves a curse to those whom it was our duty to have protected and defended; we have driven them to rebellion by our own acts; and let us beware lest when the books are opened the blood of our countrymen and countrywomen slain at Delhi be not demanded at *our* hands; together with that of the thousands our soldiers will slay, urged by the stern necessity we ourselves have provoked! It is in vain to send out soldiers. Send out honest men, if any honest men can be found, to undertake the task of purification; let justice hold the balance with an equal hand; cease to shelve the just complaints of those whom you have oppressed; abolish the torture whose existence no shuffling can dissemble; equalize taxation; punish bribery as you *now* punish honesty; and put down the reign of ignorance, incapacity, and nepotism at home. So perhaps it may yet be time to save India. If not, hope not to conquer her in any other way, but rather desire it to be expunged from the list of our possessions as the foulest blot that ever disgraced the British name."

These are the statements made by Mr. Luard, and which are based, he says, on his own experience as a civil servant of the Company for many years. If the nation desires to maintain its character for honesty, it will compel inquiry into them, for any attempt to blink the question can only be accepted as a sign of conscious guilt. It may suit the purpose of the Ministers to try and stifle discussion, both in India and in England, because they know that the farther discussion proceeds the deeper will be the evidence that

this revolt has been occasioned by their own misconduct, incapacity, and neglect. But what may suit the purpose of the Ministers will be very adverse to the interests of the people of these realms. The Ministers are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and what is said of them is soon forgotten; but the character of the nation will be irrecoverable when once it has been allowed to pass away. If, then, it is the same England that it once was, let it do its duty manfully, be the consequences to the Cabinet what they will. Let it show that if it has erred in ignorance it will not continue to sin with its eyes open; and that if like Francis I. of France it has lost all besides its honor, it is not prepared at the bidding of a Premier to sacrifice that as well.

From The Times, 7 October.

INDIA AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE whole country meets on this day to deplore in the presence of GOD the national visitation involved in the Indian Mutiny. It is a day of National Humiliation, and its suitable accompaniment, national self-examination. We have had India now a hundred years, and what is the result? Is it good, bad, or indifferent? The nation is on this day supposed solemnly to review its Indian policy, to ask itself what good it has done, and what proportion such good bears to the means it has had at its command.

There can be no doubt that the object for which we ought to consider ourselves to hold India is the future Christianity and civilization of the people. It will be said this is aiming high, and so it is, but until it is proved that this result is impossible we must aim at it; as a Christian nation we have no other alternative. Some say this is impossible. There are philosophical theories to this effect, theories about races and what they are susceptible of. And even before the theory about races sprang up the *institutions* of Hindostan were thought by many to oppose an irresistible obstacle to Christianity. Sidney Smith adopted this ground in an essay 50 years ago. India has in fact, acted like a Medusa's head upon many persons, and some of those the most intelligent thinkers. It has turned them into stone. The sight of the stern features of that rigid system, with the minds of the natives locked in its iron grasp, has chilled their life-blood and deadened hope. What can we do against such institutions acting upon such a race?

The appeal to the imagination is indeed fearfully strong. Still, even apart from the plain promise of revelation, reason itself tells us that it is quite impossible that we can pronounce against the capacity of the Hindoos for civilization and Christianity. As a matter of fact individuals among them do become sincere Christians. And when we talk about the capacity of a race as such we talk of what we know nothing about. Who can possibly tell what there is or is not in a race, and what may be made of it? It is a hidden vein which facts only can ultimately disclose. And in the meantime we are bound to act with a view to the very highest result, which may, for anything we know to the contrary, be ultimately attained.

But how are we to aim at the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity? Here is a puzzle indeed. The Gospel and the enlightened morality of modern times alike forbid us to use force, and the sun must roll back to the East again before we can recall to life the old theory of persecution, which effected such wonders of conversion in the middle ages. Charlemagne and his Saxons are gone forever. We are deprived of that mighty engine of conversion, and what have we in its stead? We have the appeal to the ordinary evidences of Christianity, and to the great fact of modern Europe, which is a result of Christianity, and which an intelligent Hindoo must appreciate. He must see that Christianity is, as a matter of fact, the great civilizing and renovating principle in the world, that all the greatness and power we see in the world are connected with it, and that whatever that vigorous and strong element may be which makes great nations and successful ages, and which produces growth and progress among mankind, it is never found except in combination with Christianity. This is a remarkable fact which speaks for itself, and which must make a very powerful impression upon Hindoo intelligence. It must do so by the inevitable laws of reason, and the more it is dwelt upon the more must it impress. There is besides this a higher appeal to the rational religious principle in the human mind as distinguished from the blind and animal faith on which Hindoo idolatry depends. It is impossible that the view which Christianity presents of human life, its purpose, and its results, should not strike any mind in which the light of nature

is not wholly suppressed by false tradition as more probable and more reasonable than such a wretched meaningless distortion and chaotic dream as that which composes the prospects and destinies of the Hindoo believer. How can a monstrous system of endless transmigrations, or eternal nothingness, compare in point of naturalness and beauty with the simple creed of the Christian, of a life of trial here, and endless bliss beyond the grave? Can the two creeds be compared for a moment, in point of interest and consolatory power, in point of harmony and congeniality with our natural feelings? This reasonable religion, then, must, according to the principles so well laid down by the great author of the *Analogy*, have a natural tendency to supersede the wild and distorted schemes of Orientalism,—schemes which have no real root or basis in our nature, but which depend wholly on the external pressure of a system of observances. The true inward light of natural faith must have a tendency to supplant the darkness of mere credulity, believing in what it is told simply because it is told it, and swallowing any monster of a fiction which the human brain can conceive.

These are our means, then, of conversion for India, but we need not say that hitherto they have failed to produce any effect worth mentioning. Nor do we think that this in itself need be any ground for self-humiliation, or be among the facts for which we are to reproach ourselves to-day. Some excellent people think it in itself a ground for the deepest humiliation that we have not already converted a large part of India. We do not agree with them here. We do not at all know what was possible to be done in this way. We are not responsible for results, but we are responsible for any actually bad part of our policy and administration. It must be allowed, we think, that for a long time we took undue advantage of the necessity we were under of leaving the Hindoos unrestricted in their religion positively to encourage and flatter them in it. Those were mercantile days, in which the only idea of India was that of a source of revenue. The nation was stupidly afraid of interfering even with the most inhuman customs, with the Suttee system, with the Juggernaut self-immolations. Nothing was to be touched, for fear lest the whole native population should rise up against us on the suspicion that we were going to

overthrow their religion. This was a gross abuse of the principle of toleration, of which we are now reaping the fruit in the fastidious touchiness with which the Sepoys resent the slightest and most unintentional interference with a minute detail of ritual. We flattered them so long that now the least thing is felt as a grievance. That was one great abuse. Another was the state of English society in India for a long period. It is quite true we have improved on both these heads, but the effect of a long period of cowardly policy and social license is not easily removed.

We may hope, however, now, in spite of the cloud at present over our heads, for better things. Our line is clear with respect to India, and made more clear by experience. We must not force our religion upon them, but we must at any rate show them that we think our religion true and theirs false. This is the very first step in the conversion of a people, and yet up to a comparatively recent period this was hardly done; indeed, it seemed as if we aimed at producing the very contrary impression upon the Hindoo mind, as if we wanted the popular impression to be that we were indifferent on the subject. When this first step in the conversion of a people has been taken we may begin to think that we are doing something, though it may still be long enough before any results follow. The future of India is hidden from us, and a veil is before our eyes. All we know is that great causes, and causes which have a bearing upon religion, are now in operation in the East. It is a new experiment altogether in history, the propagation of European ideas in an Oriental population, and we cannot possibly tell what time may be required for the working of such an experiment. The experiment has hitherto, indeed, sadly failed, but we cannot judge at all of its ultimate success from the working of one century. A century is a long time to those who live in it or near it, but it is not a long time in the history of the world. If English rule—with all the influences, religious, social, and intellectual, accompanying it—goes on in India and is not stopped, nobody can possibly tell what the effects of such a Government and such influences will be. It seems to stand to reason that it cannot go indefinitely on for all time and produce no effects, and if time is in our favor here we have a strong ally, for future history, like past geology, is rich in

time. There are many past periods in the world's history in which a century does not figure as a very active or productive agent. A century did not do very much in the Nineveh period, or the period of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. A century did not do much between the reigns of Saxon Egbert and Saxon Athelstan, or between Saxon Athelstan and Hardicanute; a century did not do much even between King John and Edward II., or between Edward II. and Richard III. A century did not do very much in Europe for the six centuries preceding the Reformation. There were seeds sown throughout those times which afterwards bore fruit, but no great actual progress was made from one century to another, and the world was much the same at the end of a century as it had been at its beginning. It will be said that a century does a good deal when the world has once begun to advance, but the Eastern world has not begun its march, and we are concerned now with the East. A century then, is no test of India's susceptibility of change. The seeds of the Reformation were sown during many stationary centuries, and came up in an active and eventful one at last. It is contrary to true philosophy to despair about India. An unknown future is before us, which, under God's providence, may mature and develop the seeds of truth indefinitely, and produce movements of thought in that part of the world of which we have now no conception.

From The Times, 7 Oct.

THE NAVY AND INDIA.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER is always amusing, and no man was ever amusing without being instructive. With unconscious instinct he is playing a useful part, and rendering to his country that service which his own element denies. He represents the pent-up, thwarted, crossed, half-blighted energy of our race, and so starts the grand question how to give it free vent and turn it to good purpose. He wants to be at Lucknow or Delhi, with anybody to back him—with 4,000 Bury artisans if he cannot have sailors or soldiers. That is everybody's feeling wherever you go. Our continental neighbors taunt us with not sending out volunteers, but they forget, first, that our whole army and navy are volunteers; then, that those people who have not embraced these professions have generally some-

thing else to do by this time; then, that Her Majesty's Ministers do not offer much encouragement to this sort of service, and most men find the thing simply impossible. Yet we should all like a little fighting, and we long to be there, and fancy to ourselves how we should do it, if the laws of space and time and a few other conditions would be rather more accommodating. Of course we have our families, our estates, our patients, our clients, our customers, our parishes to attend to; and some of us are too old, too lame, too blind, too short-winded for work. The general fate of old officers is not encouraging. How should we stand those sunstrokes, those marches of 25 miles with the glass at 120, those bivouacks on marshy ground, those crossbelts, those knapsacks, and Heaven knows what besides? Were it not for these things we, too, would be soldiers. As for sailors, their case is particularly hard just now. They cannot get a chance. Even when the contest is between sea and land they find themselves obliged to wait for orders from the land, or land only to find themselves fish out of water. But there is not even this amphibious character about the Indian mutiny. It is in the heart of a great continent, separated from the sea by a thousand miles of cataracts, sandbanks, and deltas of mud. The idea of turning the British navy to account in this region never entered the head of a First Lord, and scarcely occurred anywhere, except at Astley's, where a middy and his boatswain are now nightly invading harems, rescuing Hindoo maidens, and — *absit omen* — restoring hereditary princes. But a new era is dawning on the navy. Captain Peel is now working up the Ganges with 400 bluejackets, and we shall live to see a combination of ideas only equalled in Ovid's description of fishes swimming through the branches of trees and stags cresting the ocean wave. Perhaps it is this that has fired Sir Charles' ambition. Indeed, we would give something to see him started up the Ganges with half-a-dozen steamers as stiff, as well armed, and as well manned as their draught would allow, and under no vexatious responsibility to the Admiralty, or the Board of Control, or the Governor-General in Council, or the Commander-in-Chief, or anybody but the British public, who never forgive shortcomings, and regard the most culpable rashness with respect or compassion.

But why should not the volunteer system be applied to the navy? What encouragement will be given to any English Gentleman who will properly equip a little steamer, take her up to Allahabad, and thence proceed on any service that may be required? As for the gunboats of Her Majesty's navy, it is the old story—they either draw too much water, or carry too little coal, or they are leaky, or their boilers are rusted through, or they make no way against a current, and the result is they are now everywhere except where they are wanted. But cannot the Royal Yacht Club turn their energies and their money to some better account than tacking across the Channel or going round and round the Mediterranean? It is true that, according to Indian authorities, the game will be over in May; but nobody can be sure of that, and even if it be so, a few such volunteers might arrive in Central India in time to finish up the work. We shall not have a man too much, or a gun too much, or a boat too much, in India next May, for some great deeds of justice and humanity are then to be done, and an imposing force will be required. It is, too, quite evident that we never learn any thing in this country except by the slow, costly, painful, and ever imperfect process of experience. The art of river warfare is in its infancy. We have no rivers here to call out our talents in this respect. We have had naval reviews, and land reviews; grand promenades out to sea at high tide, and grand promenades across commons and heaths in dry weather. Let us have next an amphibious review—a battle of gunboats with land forces, in the most rapid, most shoally, most shifting, most generally chaotic piece of river navigation in these isles. There ought to be a few muddy creeks and treacherous bars, and enough play of the current to test the power of the engine, the crew, or the helm. It must be considered that within the last twelvemonth we have been at war with nearly all Asia, which does not possess a single maritime Power, and for the next hundred years will not give occasion for the services of a single frigate, except as a depôt or the residence of an Admiral. But Asia has plenty of rivers—rivers that periodically become inland seas, and that are, in fact, the highways of great nations. If we are to maintain our ground in Asia—if we are to fulfil the responsibilities which we have

already undertaken in those regions, and if we are to use our navy and economize our army, we ought to have an entirely new description of armament for the purpose; and a few volunteers, even if they find nothing else to do, may show us the way. Remember, when India is over, China comes on.

Perhaps Sir Charles, who laments so keenly the abeyance of the navy at this juncture, as well as its forced inactivity in the last war, can offer some suggestions as to the employment of our sailors, and the kind of craft suited for river warfare. We will venture to say that Caesar, who was an Admiral as well as a General, and a first-rate engineer besides, would have had a very suitable and effective armament by this time on the Ganges, the Jumna, the Goomtee, the Gogra, the Soane, and all the rest of them, now invested with any thing but glorious associations. The art of war consists in a perpetual adaptation of the means to the end; and as war is ever changing its methods, its scene, its weapons, and even its men, nothing can be done without always keeping up with them, and running a race of invention. For any country of Asia, where our vocation now appears to lie, our big ships, our three-deckers, and even such perfections of art as the Duke of Wellington or the Agamemnon, are as useless as the canoes of the South Sea Islanders or the coracles of our British ancestors. We shall live to see a hundred of them rot at their moorings, without doing any service except adding a thousand or two to the "Sale of Old Stores" in our financial returns. We have had a few "cautions" lately as regards the size of our vessels even at open sea in the treacherous navigation of the Eastern hemisphere. One of Her Majesty's frigates has touched a rock and gone down at the mouth of the Canton river; and five big transports have touched the ground in the Straits of Sunda or thereabouts, one of them to her cost. It is obvious there cannot be equal danger with vessels of less draught. Let big ships be used in their place. In the open Atlantic the Great Eastern will be a floating island, and as steady and safe as where she now stands. But happily for small people, for small capitalists, young officers without friends, and generally the rising generation, in a large part of the ocean, not to speak of the rivers, you get soundings, every now and then, at twenty, fifteen, or

ten feet. There must be craft adapted to this moderate depth, and people must be found small enough to take charge of that craft. Such is one way in which small people get a chance, though the big people grudge it, and would deny it if they could. Give them a chance on the Ganges and its tributaries. See what can be done. How long is the British navy, the Achilles of modern warfare, to be sulking in harbor, because work cannot be found grand enough for its dignified proportions? Help us, Sir Charles, out of this ridiculous position. You say you asked for gumboats when you went into the Baltic, and were refused them. Be so good as to tell the Board of Control and the Admiralty what is now to be done.

RUSSIAN OPINIONS UPON ENGLAND.

(From the Northern Bee of September 9-15.)

SHORTSIGHTED would those people in Europe be who should wish England to suffer sensible losses in East India. In the present state of industry and commerce England is indispensable for Europe. It is true that she receives great advantages for herself from such a state of things, but at the same time others as well are benefited thereby. To the enterprising spirit of the English, Europe is indebted for the development in its centre of manufactures and industry. The example of England, the advantages drawn by her from the working up of raw produce, have shown to others what the present position of civilized European society is in an industrial point of view compared with that of societies which are less civilized and less developed in what relates to industry and commerce. In England, at the present time, that universal steam-machine has taken up its place which puts into movement enormous capital, encourages commercial speculations in all the countries of the world, and thus procures benefits not only to private individuals, but to kingdoms, the revenues of which are increased in proportion as private industry flourishes. To the latter great liberty is given in England, which it cannot obtain for itself yet in the other kingdoms of Europe, and this is the cause of so great a development of the commercial and industrial strength of England. If her strength becomes tottering the other people of Europe feel it also in different degrees.

The political relations of England to Eu-

rope and the other parts of the world are another affair. It is indispensable that England should change its form of action. To effect this she must have greater confidence in other Powers, and endeavor to strengthen this confidence by her own actions as well. It is easy to remove every misunderstanding at its commencement, to render justice to the just, to show the wrongdoer his error, and by possible concession to terminate a dispute. God's world is still so extensive that there is sufficient room for all to enlarge and extend their influence. Russia, England, France, and the United States of North America have before them a broad field for their views of dominion. By a peaceable policy, by requiring every one with his due, the apple of discord may be destroyed both in America, Africa, and Asia. There is a limit to the strength of every kingdom. The extension of their limits to that given point alone is both beneficial to the people and without danger to the kingdom, because the utmost endeavors on that path terminate like the case of the frog who wished to become a bull in size.

(From the Northern Bee, September, 5-17.)

FROM the conflict of opinions truth arises. The war of 1853-6 was indispensable in order to persuade Europe anew of the necessity of peace for her, and of all the benefits which flow from it both for kingdoms and for people. The revolt in East India was indispensable, in order to show England that in her possessions, too, there exist those pernicious abuses of power which engender discontent and revolt. A general demand for peace has shown itself, a wish to strengthen it on firm foundations, and to prevent those occurrences which may give a pretext to new and important conflicts in Europe. The principal means to effect this are the removal of all ambitious projects and the restoration of mutual confidence between the four head Powers, Russia, France, England, and Prussia. The journey of the Emperor Napoleon to Osborne and then to Germany, where he may have an interview with another Imperial personage, must have important results in the future. We see in this the pledge of the consolidation of peace in Europe, and we observe with pleasure that even in England itself the necessity is felt of friendly relations between these four Powers. We wish that such a

manner of thinking, drawn from experience, may be consolidated on the firmest foundation, and not be a momentary allurements, the echo of the events which are taking place in East India.

(From the Northern Bee, September, 2-14.)

THE English papers are attempting to persuade their readers that in Russia, more particularly than in other European countries, people rejoice over the East Indian events, and that our country especially will gain by the losses which are brought upon England on this occasion. Thus, for example, even the organ of Lord Palmerston, the *Morning Post*, lately expressed itself. We have already had occasion to declare that in some other countries the ill success of the English in East India is more likely to be read with delight, but not in Russia. We should be justified in considering those bloody dramas as a retribution for Kertch, Odessa, Uleaborg, &c.; but we do not venture to take such high ground, and in the decrees of the Most High to read what is incomprehensible for us. As men, as members of a civilized community, we turn away with horror from the picture of the events in East India. With disgust do we read the letters of the English respecting the barbarity of the Sepoys, but at the same time we do not join in the cries of England for a bloody vengeance. By justice, by justice alone, can the equilibrium between the outraged and the outrager, between the victim and the bloodthirsty, be restored.

We shall not rejoice at England's losses. Our commercial relations and those of England are so mutually dependent that, while rejoicing at another's loss, we draw it upon ourselves. We have learnt much from England. Much remains for us to learn from her, and we have ever considered England, and not France, at the head of the civilization of the day. We do not reckon as civilization the superficial abstract ideas of the French and Germans respecting our community, but the positive deductions of the English respecting the rights of man, his welfare, and the application of the newest acquirements in arts and sciences for his advantage and the lightening of his labors. In this respect the English have gone far beyond even the North Americans, because with the latter the equilibrium between the advantage acquired by man through money, its necessity for him,

and his exclusive endeavors after it, is completely destroyed. In a word, in England there is no such bowing before the golden calf as has infatuated all people in North America and a portion in France. This is what binds us to England in preference to other countries.

Comments of the Times, 30 Sept.

It is generally allowed that we are a thick-skinned people, indifferent to the opinions of other nations almost to a fault. Neither at home nor abroad do we trouble ourselves with the comments made on our institutions and society, our persons or our dress. Englishmen, in their Government, in their manners and habits of life, are, of all civilized nations, the least indebted to that great centre of social influence, the French capital. While the whole world looks upon Paris as a place where people are to be on their best behavior, the Englishman walks through its most frequented streets in his shooting-jacket and wide-awake, as if he were in a kraal of Hottentots. There may be much of folly and ill-taste in all this, but it at any rate shows how little importance the average middle class islander attaches to the opinions of his continental hosts. The same feeling makes itself known in a thousand ways. It is doubtful whether in the present generation any course of action has been hastened or impeded in this country by the expressed opinion of foreign nations. The feeling with which their comments are regarded partakes more of curiosity than of anxiety; and even where fairness and good sense are manifest we are pleased rather for the author's sake than for our own.

We are not likely, therefore, to indulge in any wild exultation at the fact that the *Northern Bee*, that redoubtable organ of Russian opinion, is disposed for once to praise and pity us. It will be seen, from certain passages which we print, that the Muscovite journal laments over the sufferings of our countrymen in India, and wishes us speedy success over the cowardly hordes who have revolted. Now, we are not going to repel the civilities which are thus offered. We are willing to assume, as it is always in this world wise to assume, that fair speeches and good wishes are sincerely uttered. But we must be pardoned for treating the compliments of to-day with the same equanimity as the revil-

ings of yesterday. England has for many a year had to listen to accusations, insults, and prophecies of evil from all quarters. The *Northern Bee* is one of the youngest of our adversaries. Its little sting has been protruded but for a short time, hardly long enough to gain for it a name among the swarm with which the British lion has been surrounded. We have contemned the *Univers* and the *Kreuz Zeitung*, and our own *Irish Nation*, and the whole chorus which they lead. Why should we fear the tiny hum from St. Petersburg? So our satisfaction at the change must be of the same unimpassioned kind. If, then, the *Bee* will be content with quiet thanks, it is welcome to them, but it must dispense with any warm demonstrations of gratitude. The Russian journal begins by complaining that England has suspected the Czar and his agents of some concern in the disturbances of India, or at least of feeling immoderate joy at the late event. This charge is earnestly repudiated. Though Russia has had great cause to bear a grudge to England, and might without presumption consider Cawnpore a retribution for our misdeeds at Kertch, Odessa, and other places, yet there is but one feeling of sorrow and horror at the bloody drama now enacting, and Russians will rejoice to see the British rule restored on a firm foundation of justice and moderation. "England is," says the *Bee*, in another place, "necessary for Europe." English enterprise in manufactures and commerce has enabled the world to advance at its late wonderful rate of progress. The steam-engine, that great instrument of modern civilization, has made England rich and powerful, and by her wealth the other kingdoms of Europe are nourished, their populations employed, their revenues increased, and the life-blood sent coursing through the veins of nations. In fact, the *Bee* would declare that England is the main-spring of the world, and that to break or weaken her would be to bring the whole machinery of civilization to a stop. Now, this is, we may say with excusable pride, the real state of the case; and, if it be the real wish of Russia to advance the general prosperity of the world, she can have no better ally and adviser than the nation which has built up so vast a fabric of commercial greatness, which has settled and civilized so many and so distant regions of the globe, and even now

seems to be but in the beginning of her vast career.

We know not what change has come over the spirit of St. Petersburg, but the English people seem suddenly to have succeeded to some of the enthusiasm lately devoted to their French neighbors. Continental politicians seem to love and hate wonderfully. A few months ago the British were under the ban of every *salon* and *bureau*. We could not fight, we could not diplomatize; our political system was poisoned by the virus of Parliamentarism; as for education and good-manners, of course there was no need to talk to them. Hear now the *Northern Bee*:—"We have always considered England, and not France, at the head of civilization. We do not reckon as civilization the superficial abstract ideas of the French and Germans, but the positive deductions of the English respecting the rights of man, his welfare, the application of the newest acquisitions in art and science to his advantage and to the lightening of his labors." After this declaration, which is singularly inopportune to the cordialities of Stuttgart, comes, what is still more extraordinary, an invidious comparison between England and America, greatly to the disadvantage of the irritable Republicans. In fine, Russia is bound to England in preference to all other countries.

In a French or German paper we certainly should look with indifference on such a sudden change as is here evinced. But in Russia every paper must more or less represent the Government, and it is impossible not to recognize in the new-born enthusiasm of the *Bee* the simplicity with which inexperienced journalism expresses the vacillations of the Imperial policy. The *mot d'ordre* has been to conciliate England, and the Russian writers have gone to work with less tact and delicacy than would have been met with in their diplomatic countrymen. However, this country is glad to meet any advances which indicate renewed good feeling. We all know what our Russian friends tell us, that the commercial interests of the two countries bind them together, and that their prosperity will be advanced by an enduring peace. We have no wish for war; we, with the fairest parts of the earth for an inheritance, cannot covet anything that Russia owns, nor have

we any desire for barren victories. On the other hand, we feel that Russia must be aware how impossible it is to be successful in an aggressive movement against us on any point. The experiences of the Danube and Armenia have for ever dissipated the dreams which a few enthusiasts may have had of a march to the Indus. Englishmen, may, then, be naturally content to live in peace and good-will with the Muscovite Empire, cherishing respect for its hardy, patient, and religious people, its patriarchal Sovereignty, and its well-knit civil and military organization. The benefits of friendship and free intercourse will be mutual, but we are guilty of no vanity in saying that Russia will be the greater gainer. We have much to teach—the treasure of many ages of experience; Russians are quick to learn,—they are pre-eminently the imitative people, and now that they have all that the "superficial civilization" of France can give them in taste and culture and the arts of life, they may well turn their attention to this kingdom, solve the problems which it presents, and apply them to their own use. But one thing should be clearly understood. The *Bee* hints at the necessity for England to limit her ambition, to admit the other Powers of Europe to co-operation in all she does throughout the world—to establish, in fact, the "Five Powers" as an universal authority. This, is, indeed, very faintly shadowed forth, but it is enough. If any Russian party look for such a policy they will find themselves mistaken. If such notions animate any potentate or reunion of potentates, they may as well be abandoned. This country will admit of no limitation of its action on the world; let other States be free, and let us be free also. England has conquered and will re-conquer Asia by herself, and any fair words which hide the design, however remote, of controlling her independence may as well be left unsaid. However, on the whole, we may accept this Russian movement of conciliation as the beginning of a new phase in the history of Europe. When India is once more subjected and the world at peace, a period of prosperity may succeed, in which the Empire of the Czar may profit by carrying out the principles which his or gan now enunciates.

From The Second Edition of Carruthers' Life of Pope.
POPE AND MISS COWPER.

AN episode of a tender nature was interposed amidst the labors of annotation and translation. In the autumn of 1722, Pope commenced a correspondence with a young lady whose name has not hitherto transpired. A series of twelve letters, written in the poet's most complimentary and admiring strain, was published by Dodsley in 1769, printed from the originals. The lady to whom they were addressed appeared to reside in Hertfordshire; she occasionally wrote verses, and was intimate with Mrs. Howard. She sat for her portrait as one of Jervas' shepherdesses or Kneller's beauties; and Pope (who had, he said, been "so mad with the idea of her as to steal the picture and pass whole days in sitting before it!") was ready with a poetical offering:

"Though sprightly SAPPHO force our love and praise,

A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild ERINNA blushing in her bays!
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin majesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd the glaring sun declines."

Pope suggested literary subjects to his correspondent—amongst others, a fairy tale—which, however, she was prevented from attempting by the death of some great and good man, whose demise, Pope said,—

"must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honor and virtue in the nation." This reference to the death of the young lady's relative, joined to the dates and localities mentioned in the correspondence, furnish a clue to the names of the parties: and we have no doubt that the 'great and good man' was the Lord Chancellor Cowper, who died on the 10th of October, 1723; and that the lady was Lord Cowper's niece, Judith Cowper (afterwards Mrs. Madan), only daughter of Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Pope's eulogium on the lady's illustrious kinsman—though all the Cowpers were Whigs—was appropriate even from him, when we remember that Lord Cowper had generously opposed the banishment of Atterbury and the bill for taxing the Roman Catholics—events nearly contemporaneous with the date of this correspondence. The poet afterwards, in one of his Imitations of Horace (Ep. ii. book ii.), alluded in a complimentary style to Cowper's 'manner,' or deportment,

which was remarkable for grace and dignity. Judith Cowper came of a poetical race, and she early began to write verses. She is mentioned by Hayley as having 'at the age of eighteen discovered a striking talent for poetry in the praise of her contemporary poets, Pope and Hughes.' This refers to a piece entitled 'The Progress of Poetry,' in which she characterizes Pope in a strain of unmingled eulogium:—

"High on the radiant list see Pope appears,
With all the fire of youth and strength of years.

Where'er supreme he points the nervous line,
Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.
How just the turns, how regular the draught,
How smooth the language, how refined the thought!

Secure beneath the shade of early bays,
He dared the thunder of great Homer's lays;
A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,
And Homer in his genius stands confess'd:
To heights sublime he rais'd the ponderous lyre,

And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire."

Hughes, also commemorated by Judith Cowper, was a *protégé* of the Lord Chancellor's, and lived some time at Hertingfordbury, the seat of the Cowpers. * * The fairy tale which Pope had proposed to his fair correspondent was not attempted, as we have seen, in consequence of the death of her uncle. But there was another and perhaps a stronger cause for declining the task. The last letter in the correspondence (misplaced in the printing arrangement) is dated November 9th; and in less than a month from this time, on the 7th of December, 1723, Miss Cowper was married to Martin Madan, afterwards Col. Madan, Groom of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, and M.P. for Wotton Bassett. This event seems to have closed the poetry and poetical correspondence of Judith Cowper. There are no more letters to or from Pope, but the lady, her husband, and other members of her family, were among the subscribers to the *Odyssey*. Judith was twenty-one at the period of her marriage, and she survived to the age of seventy-nine. She had many children, including Martin Madan, the famous preacher and too famous theological writer, whose 'Thelyphthora,' or defence of polygamy, occasioned such grief and scandal to his poetical cousin, William Cowper. Another son died Bishop of Peterborough. Mrs. Madan seems to have been a serious person, though not a devotee, like her daughter, Mrs. Major Cowper, the poet's correspondent. Shortly before her death, we find Cowper writing to John Newton, 'Mrs. Madan is happy; she will be found ripe, fall when she may'

She died in Stafford Row, Westminster, where she had long lived, in December, 1781. One letter of Cowper's to his 'dear aunt' Madan, is in his published correspondence. She knew his melancholy story, and must have admired his fine talents, and gentle, affectionate nature. His first volume was in the press at the time of her death. She was

a connecting link between two schools of poetry—between the era of Swift and Pope and that of Cowper and Burns. In a few more years, her nephew was to rival if not dethrone her early idol, and was to carry the new faith into almost every English family and English heart."

DEATH OF MR. CUSTIS.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the decease of the venerable George Washington Parke Custis, the last of the members of the family of Washington.

Mr. Custis died at Arlington, near this city, after a brief illness, on the morning of the 10th October, in the 77th year of his age. For several years he had stood alone in his relations to the Father of his Country, ever anxious, with filial reverence and affection, to illustrate his character, and from the rich stores of his never-failing memory to bring forward an annual tribute to his immortal worth. Known and honored by his fellow-countrymen, his departure will awaken universally a profound regret.

Born amid the great events of the Revolution, by the death of his father, (Col. Custis, of the army, and a son of Mrs. Washington by a former marriage,) which occurred near the close of the war, he found his home during childhood and youth at Mount Vernon, where his manners were formed after the noblest models; and from the great worthies of that period, frequent guests there, he received impressions of wisdom and patriotism that were never effaced. Under the counsels of Washington he pursued his classical studies at Princeton, and, when deprived by death of his great guide and father, (and soon after of his revered grandmother,) he devoted himself to literary and agricultural pursuits, on his ample estate of Arlington, the gift, by will, of that illustrious man. He was early united in marriage to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Virginia, a lady of unsurpassed excellences in all the relations of life, and whose irreparable loss, three years ago, he continued with sorrow and affectionate admiration, to his final day, profoundly to deplore. One daughter, (Mrs. Lee, wife of Col. Robert Lee, of the army) and several grandchildren survive him.

Mr. Custis was distinguished by an original genius for eloquence, poetry, and the fine arts; by a knowledge of history, particularly the history of this country; for great powers of conversation, for an ever-ready and generous hospitality, for kindness to the poor, for patriotism, for constancy of friendship, and for more than a filial devotion to the memory and character of Washington. His early speeches on the death of General Lingán and the overthrow of Napoleon were every where read and admired, even by those who dissented from the senti-

ments, for the beauty of their conception and their impassioned eloquence. Those familiar with the columns of this journal will not forget how largely we and the country are indebted to the warm and ever cheerful spirit of the deceased for many invaluable reminiscences of Revolutionary history, of the distinguished men of those times, and especially of the private life of their glorious Chief in the retirement of the shades of his home at Mount Vernon.

Thousands from this country and from foreign lands who have visited Arlington to commune with our departed friend, and look upon the touching memorials there treasured up with care of him who was first in the hearts of his countrymen, will not forget the charm thrown over all by the ease, grace, interest, and vivacity of the manners and conversation of him whose voice, alas! is silent now. The multitudes of our fellow-citizens accustomed, in the heat of summer, to resort to the shades of Arlington will hereafter miss that old man eloquent, who ever extended to them a warm-hearted welcome and became partaker of their joy.

Long a believer in the great truths of Divine Revelation, Mr. Custis turned to these for consolation in his last days, and died in communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church.—*National Intelligencer*.

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.—If you would enjoy the theatre, pay for your admission; if you would stand well with your friends, give them good dinners and plenty of them; if you are anxious to spend a fortune, publish books at your own expense; if you want to pass a quiet day, there's the Thames tunnel open to you; if you are fond of scandal, live in a boarding-house; if you have a taste for law, buy houses, and be sure you have a warranty with each of them; if your pleasure lies in grumbling, turn vestryman; if you would sleep soundly, keep the baby out of the room; if you would live happily with your wife, never contradict her; if you would live at peace and good-will with all men, get the situation of toll-keeper at Waterloo bridge.—*Punch*.

EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never cross your letters Cross writing only causes cross reading.—*Punch*.